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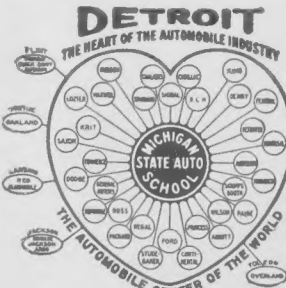
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A Chat with Our Readers

NOW of all times in the year is the proper season to get up a club for The Western Home Monthly. This is the time when people are interested in subscribing for periodicals, as The Western Home Monthly is conceded to be the best magazine published at anywhere near the price, it is a very easy matter for any one in any neighborhood to get up a club for it. For such efforts in our behalf we give very liberal rewards in valuable and useful premiums. Our Complete Premium List will be sent free to any address on application. If you have not already sent for it, do so at once, for with this outfit to help you, you can secure a large club in your vicinity, and as a reward, one or more of our splendid premiums, with scarcely any trouble or labor.

Two Favorite Departments

For nearly a year your bright, wide-awake publication has been coming to our home and has been thoroughly enjoyed, especially the articles. What appeals to us most is the underlying lesson in them all, which old and young can with profit take to themselves.—Mrs. R. K. Daniels, Brandon, Man.

A Pertinent Question

The Western Home Monthly particularly commends itself to me for its clean, wholesome and appealing stories. So many of the magazines to-day cater to the tastes of those who demand problem stories suggestive of things that we deplore. After reading them we have a bitter taste in our mouths. Why is it that so many magazine writers preach that Home is no longer the most sacred and happiest place on earth, that married life is not what God designed it to be, that the sanctity of the Home is weakening—the Home which should be a type of Heaven? So far, I have seen nothing in The Western Home Monthly to censure, and much to praise. The other departments of the magazine are excellent. I am grateful to the friend who sent me the magazine for 1915, as I have thoroughly enjoyed it.—Mrs. E. Swanell, Moosomin, Sask.

Opinion of a "Mere Man"

Although your excellent magazine seems to be equally good for men, most of the letters from subscribers printed on your editorial page are from women. I infer from this that women as a rule are most disposed to thank you for giving to the public so good a publication at so small a price. My mother, who is a very critical reader, says she considers the fiction in your magazine superior to that in the higher priced magazines. She had never taken The Western Home Monthly until this year, because she said it was impossible to get a magazine—with good stories the rule rather than the exception—at the price you ask. However, when I read the first copy to her she exclaimed: "Why, there is not a trivial story in it and as for your special pages such as the Editorial, Dr. Gordon's, The Philosopher, etc., they are in themselves an education. It has been a long time since I have read a publication that was wholly good." I heartily endorse my mother's sentiments. The Western Home Monthly is good, "plumb good," from cover to cover. I do not know of any other way in which the same amount of money could have been invested with more profit and pleasure, than in a subscription to your magazine.—R. Bevins, La Riviere, Man.

A Prairie Friend

Rural Mail Route, No. 1, Adanac, Sask.
Dear Sirs,—I must write and tell you that I am more than pleased with my first number of The Western Home Monthly. It is well worth the money, and would not do without it now for any price. It is my best friend when I am all alone on Sundays out on these prairies. The journal does live me up, for it contains good wholesome reading, to say nothing about hints and other articles worth reading.
Yours sincerely,
Fred E. Bowden.

Mere Encouragement

Beaver Hills P.O., Alberta.
January 25th, 1916.
Dear Editor,—Please find two years' subscription for The Western Home Monthly. I certainly think the amount cannot be better invested. A magazine that talks so straight to young people ought to be in every Canadian home, especially in the West. May your eyes never grow dim nor your arm lack strength so long as you talk so plain, thoughtfully and encouragingly to the youth of this country.
John Fluker.

We have received many letters from readers who have been successful in obtaining for us nine subscriptions and accordingly have received the Davenport as premium. We would again like to say that this is certainly a most remarkable offer. The Davenport is covered with the best quality leatherette, and as a comfortable sofa is a handsome addition to any room. In a moment, however, it can be transformed into a full sized bed.

We expect to withdraw this offer early in Spring, so you have no time to lose if you want to get one of these pieces of furniture. If there is anything else you want to know, be sure and write us for further particulars. Our circulation department is at all times most anxious to be at your service.

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Editorial

What of the Future?

ANY man who loves his children will subordinate everything to their welfare. Financial prosperity and social advancement are of little moment, if the children are sickening to death, or if they are lacking in mental or moral power. So, too, is it in the case of a nation. The good citizen will not be concerned chiefly about industrial and commercial conditions. He will rather have regard to the morality, the happiness and the unity of the people. He will think of their future rather than their present. He will distinguish between those things which are transitory and those which have permanent significance.

In Canada we are beginning to think of ourselves as a nation. It is well that we should enquire if there is anything in our social and economic conditions which might threaten our unity or prevent our full development. Immediately we are forced to consider the question of race and language, and it would be well for us all if we could forget our differences in matters of religion. Unfortunately these religious differences are magnified, until it would seem there is no possibility of reconciliation. The advice of the apostle seems to be nothing less than a mockery when he says: "Let brethren dwell together in unity." Though it is impossible for The Western Home Monthly to discuss the religious problem, there is nothing to prevent a frank discussion of the related problems of race and language in so far as they apply to the country west of the Great Lakes.

The Indians were the first people here. Then came the French explorers and fur traders, and the early British settlers. Afterwards there came the flood of immigration—settlers from Bruce and Huron and from the other eastern counties, from the Motherland, from the United States, and from the countries of northern, southern and central Europe. There was a babel of tongues, and it is in some parts a babel to-day. It was inevitable that there should be confusion at first. It takes time even when people are doing their utmost, to make their native language secondary, and the language of the country primary. Unfortunately there was no national effort put forth to help the incoming people to learn the national language, while determined efforts have been made by most races to retain as the medium of communication the tongues of their native lands. Though the younger generations when they have an opportunity to learn English, are in most cases only too ready to take advantage of it, even despite opposition from parents or others in authority, there is no denying the fact that unification in many parts of the west has not been effected, indeed, not even begun. This is, indeed, a serious condition, as it foreshadows misunderstandings, ruptures, and civil strife. If settlers are necessary to the industrial development of the country, they must be taught a common language in order to work together in unity.

Of course no one could expect adults from the non-English countries of Europe to learn our national tongue at once, but they should consider it a first duty toward their children to put them in a position to speak and read English. Unfortunately for the children and the country, the parents are not always aiming at this. School legislation has made it possible for them to take an opposite course. It would seem that the time has come for a change. While families and races may attempt to preserve their native tongues by every means in their power, and while they should be praised for making such attempts, the duty of the state is to teach only the national language—which in this case is English.

This is not unfair in any sense. The school does not pretend and has never pretended to teach everything. It leaves to the families and to churches and trades their own share of responsibility, and teaches only that which is regarded as a common necessity, a national necessity. Look for example at what is taking place in Scotland. The native tongue of the Highlanders is Gaelic, but Gaelic is not taught in a Scotch elementary school. Nor is Indian taught in any elementary school in Canada. Much less then should recent additions to our population clamor for state teaching of their own tongues. There is a wide difference between the function of a state school and a private school, and some do not appear to be able to sense the distinction. It is fundamental.

The interest of the individual and the state may often clash severely. That has been the case since early times, but the true way out is never to have the state assume the duties of the individual. The teaching of the national language is a state duty. The teaching of any other language is a private duty.

The day will come when races will coalesce by inter-marriage. Until then Canada will not be a nation, but a collection of clans and tribes. The only way to ensure inter-marriage and unity is the teaching of a common language in the state schools.

The Rural School

RECENT discussions of educational aims and methods have brought into prominence the rural school. It appears to be settled that there must be a change in its organization and methods of operation. It is too small, too local, and fails to bring the pupil into touch with the great world of which he is part. The cure is not merely to make it more practical in the sense of making it more agricultural, but to make its life richer, broader, more worthy of young Canadians. Two or three things will be helpful to this end. First, the local school board will give way to the municipal board. Second, the small rural school will give way to the larger consolidated school. The school will be the greatest thing in every community, the centre for social, intellectual and vocational culture, the meeting place for adults as well as children. The most important element in school life will continue to be the teacher, but the teacher will be a trained community leader. In Canada we have spent nothing in the preparation of teachers. We have trusted to voluntarism, which was good enough in its way during the pioneer stage. But life in Canada must henceforth be serious, and we must train a body of experts to educate the children for efficiency. We have been playing at the school business too long. Considering what is spent on elementary education, as compared with what is spent on stock or in local improvements, or on courts and prisons, the results even under present conditions must appeal to everyone, but when a comparison is made between what the school is and what it might be, the results are far from satisfactory. The people of Canada have shown themselves in every emergency to be big enough to solve every problem that confronted them. They will solve this problem, too. The problem is to adapt the school to the new life upon which we are entering. The way to all true reform is evolution and not revolution.

On the one hand, we must remember that though very young children learn nothing very definite about agriculture, they can acquire a right attitude through the farm and farm life, while older children under competent teaching can get something of real practical value. On the other hand, we must beware lest we sacrifice childhood to agriculture or any other calling. "The man is more than the trade."

The Baptism of Fire

CANADA has had her baptism of blood. Now it would seem she is to have a baptism of fire. The losses at Ottawa and Waterloo are undoubtedly only the first in a series. Serious losses they are, and in part quite irreparable, but the effect has been the very opposite to what was hoped for by the perpetrators. Canada is not terrorized, and cannot be terrorized. She is not bankrupt, and is not going to be bankrupt. She is not going to cease her efforts but to double them. Recruiting has already noticeably affected our towns and cities. It will receive a new impetus by reason of these outrages. Canada having given her sons will give everything else without a murmur. The flower of manhood may perish, but the children will be saved from thralldom and the tyranny of despotism. War is a curse, but its by-products are a blessing. We needed iron in our blood, determination, moral courage, power and willingness to make sacrifice. Out of the furnace of affliction we shall come purified. The new Canada will be grander, greater and more gloriously triumphant than the old. Having tasted the joys of service for God and humanity we can never again become mere worshippers of Mammon.

Woman Suffrage

AND SO woman is coming into her own. Manitoba has unanimously approved of a measure giving full power to women to vote and to hold office in the legislature, and it is reported that other provinces are hastening to follow the example. Why not? Women have as great an interest in good laws and good government as have men. They have just as much at stake. Wrong-doing and mismanagement of public affairs bear quite as heavily on wives as on husbands. Women are just as wise as men, just as human, just as capable of forming judgments, just as sane. Why should they not have the right to vote and to assist in making legislation?

There are some ways in which we may hope for improvement in conditions now that women have a voice in public affairs. Men are such lordly beings that they take pride in dealing with what they term the big things of life, namely, trade, commerce, finance, inter-provincial relations. The greatest thing of all they are likely to overlook—the moral condition of the community. It is here woman will excel. We may expect a new attitude towards education, treatment of criminals, child labor, housing in towns and cities, public libraries and towards social problems in general. Philanthropy, too, will be put on a new footing. In short, a new scale of values will be made out. Prosperity and success will be measured in terms of character and conduct rather than in terms of things and dollars. This is what is hoped. It is for women themselves to see that our hopes are not disappointed. The new responsibility brings to womankind new duties. The first of these is the duty of self-education. It will not take long for the average woman to become as well-informed on civic problems as the average man. The chances are she suffers nothing by comparison to-day.

How did it come about that women in Western Canada were accorded the right to vote, while in England the right is still denied? There are two reasons, one of which the women of the Motherland should heed. Manitoba has had suffragists, but no suffragettes. She has had ladies who by peaceful means of persuasion and argument advanced the cause, but she has had none who offset their influence by the use of physical force. Anyway, Manitoba is to be congratulated for leading in the movement towards higher civilization.

That the women of this Province will, in the exercise of their newly acquired right, prove a mighty power for good, no one can doubt.

Daggers Drawn

By H. Mortimer Batten

DUSK was settling rapidly as two men scrambled down the sandy slope towards the water-hole. The foremost of the two was an Indian, the other a white man, though it was difficult to distinguish any difference between them in the dim light. Both had toiled all day across the sandy uplands at the heels of six hundred head of cattle; both were covered from head to foot in thin white dust which clung to their hair like hoarfrost and gave a grey, ghostly look to their faces.

The Indian gained the water-hole, and flinging himself flat proceeded to drink in long, savage gulps. Then he filled his two water bottles and sat down with a sigh of contentment on an overhanging boulder.

The drinking place consisted simply of a pool of water which bubbled up and percolated away into the sand. It was scarcely a yard wide, but it was well known to the ranchers who crossed the range as the only drinking place within a day's ride. The difficulty lay in preventing the cattle, which were driven along the plateau a thousand feet above, from scenting or "sensing" it and making a stampede down into the valley. If this happened, there would be no water for the men and insufficient for the cattle themselves—those which succeeded in safely descending the slope. If this happened the men would be there for days, for there was no possibility of driving the herd, half mad with thirst, away from the scent of the water, and of returning them safely to the plateau above.

This was why Sil Wiseman had remained on the plateau, keeping guard over the herd, while his partner, Ben Berry, and Keelatee, the Indian, went down to the drinking hole.

Berry reached the edge of the pool and was about to throw himself flat when something happened. The Indian on the shelf above moved his position, and before the very eyes of the thirsty white man an avalanche of dust and stones teamed down into the pool, turning it a dirty grey.

Berry was a man of quick and evil temper, and his thirst did not improve matters. For fully ten seconds he glared at the Indian. Then he said slowly and deliberately:

"You did that on purpose!"

The Indian made no answer. The look on his face was haughty, almost insolent. After a second or so, he turned away and looked across the prairie. Then Berry was on to him with the snarl of a panther. "You supercilious pagan!" he hissed. "For nine months I've put up with your quiet insolence and little meannesses. I guess we'll settle this little business right now!"

He seized the Indian by the bandanna, and jerked him, head foremost, from the boulder. Keelatee fell in a half dazed condition and Berry dealt him a brutal kick in the ribs, then another and another.

Not till he had been kicked twice in the ribs and once in the face did it seem to occur to the Indian that it was time to fight. He leaped to his feet like a steel spring, his dark eyes blazing savagely.

Instinctively, Berry withdrew, but ere he could step aside, the Indian's bony fist shot forth with stunning force.

Berry went to the ground like a log, but the Indian did not kick him. Instead, he dragged him to the edge of the pool and held him under for a good ten seconds.

"That will do for you to go on with," muttered Keelatee, then proudly he strode away.

II

Berry sat at the water's edge, staring savagely at the retreating figure of the Indian. He had been beaten in fair fight of his own making, and beaten by a "common savage." Anger, humiliation, but above all, hatred possessed his mind. He had hated men before, but now a sense of jealousy was mixed with his hatred. Never had he obtained any particular proof that he himself, a white man, was a being of a higher stamp than the red man, who had beaten him. True that he had money, while the Indian was a penniless savage. But Keelatee did not drink, he did not gamble—above all things, he lived a clean life—while Berry knew the world, the world of the Western saloons, and loved it. Was he, then, a better man than the savage, who had beaten him in fair fight?

Though these things were at the back of Berry's mind, he did not reason them out

now. He was blind with fury and mad with jealousy. Forgetful of his thirst, he rose to his feet, and was about to leave the place when something bright, lying at his feet, caught his eye.

He stooped down and looked at it. It was a necklace of porcupine quills, in the centre of which hung a plain copper cross of ornamented finish.

Berry gave a low laugh and thrust the necklace into his pocket. He had scored on one point at any rate. This was the Indian's Mission Station Medal he had found. Discovering its loss, Keelatee would imagine that some curse was coming upon his life. Taught at the Mission Station that the medal brings a blessing to all those who wear it, the Indian would sooner have parted with his life than with this precious medal.

That was why Berry laughed as he thrust the thing into his pocket. Then he began to toil up the slope towards his partner and the great herd of cattle.

III

Keelatee reached the plateau and handed Sil Wiseman his bottle, then the Indian sat down to await the return of Berry.



The sport of Salmon Fishing in B.C. waters

Sil Wiseman was a young man and a successful rancher. Handicapped by want of capital, he had taken Berry in as partner nine months ago, and Berry's money had since become indispensable. It was with growing anxiety, therefore, that Wiseman had noticed the increasing friction between Berry and Keelatee. Keelatee had shared his home for five years, and they were the best of friends. But since the arrival of Berry, Keelatee had become silent and morose; it was clear that he did not approve of the partnership, that he loathed Berry's way of living. Thus, Wiseman had watched the rift between them widen conscious that sooner or later, something regrettable would happen. Behold now! Two white partners, and between them an Indian—an Indian who was devoted to one, but who had fought and beaten the other!

Soon Berry sauntered into the firelight and took his seat. He was outwardly calm, but his eyes blazed venomously as they rested on the Indian. Had he been true to his color, he would have let things rest, but that was not Berry's way.

"Sil," he said presently, "either me or that Indian has to get out of this ere ding-dong slurs! The range ain't big enough for both of us. I've got money in the ranch, and can't very well clear out at a moment's notice. The Indian's only a paid man, and I have to help pay him."

Wiseman was silent a moment, then said: "I guess you've had words?"

"Pretty good guess, too," sneered Berry. "Cept that there weren't many words about it."

Wiseman shrugged his shoulders.

"I was afraid it would come to this," he said rather wearily. "I've seen all along that you didn't hit it off together."

"Hit it off!" Berry repeated. "Who could hit it off with a supercilious swipe like that? He's all right to you. He regards you as his boss, but he looks upon me as an impostor. It's been the same ever since I came to the ranch. I ain't going to be treated like dirt by any man, far less by a blinking Indian. I tell you right now that Keelatee's got to go."

So far the conversation might not have concerned the Indian at all for all the attention he appeared to give it, but now he rose to his feet.

"It is true," he said quietly. "Berry and I cannot live together. We might have become friends to-night, but he chooses otherwise. Half the cattle on the range are his, but I have nothing to prevent me going. It is I who must go. I have spoken."

Sorrow and pain were on Wiseman's face as he took the Indian's hand. He cared nothing for Berry, but to sacrifice his partnership on this score was almost impossible. No, the Indian must go, but

ular reason why you should consider yourself a better man than Keelatee, except that you're white and he's colored. He does at any rate, live clean. There isn't a child in the place who doesn't run to him, and I kind of imagine that I've seen children shrink away from you."

Berry was silent for fully ten seconds, then he said:

"I thank you for that, Wiseman. Maybe I shall remember it some day. In the meantime, I guess we'd best turn in, before we both of us get too much said. I've no doubt that you'd rather I went than the Indian, but I ain't going—see? It's my money that helped to make you, and maybe some day I'll be big enough to smash you and to freeze you out of the range! Then look out!"

IV

Keelatee did not waste time on the trail. Leaving the two white men he struck off across the foothills, riding all that night and all next day. When dusk fell again, he had reached the ranch house at Villa Mare, where he and Wiseman had lived together so long.

The Indian had evidently some fixed object in view. He went to a hollow tree trunk some yards from the shanty door, and groping about in the dusk, presently returned with the key.

For a moment he paused on the verandah, startled into realization by the old familiar scents and sounds. Over his head, clambered a scented vine, which he himself had planted five years ago, to watch its growth with pride and wonder. In the timbers of the roof, the spruce bugs were busy with the soft, faint rhythm he had listened to in his bunk for hours on end. Was he now to leave all this?

Quietly Keelatee turned the lock and let himself in. Dusty, travel-worn, he threw open his tunic and groped at his neck for his Mission Station Medal. Heavens, it was gone!

Keelatee staggered to the door like one drunken. This, then, was why this other misfortune had befallen him! Careless of its existence for so long, he had lost his Mission Station Medal! He had meant leaving it upon the pillow of Wiseman's bunk as a token of good faith, thinking that it would bring a blessing upon the life of his partner, even as it brought a blessing to the life of every Indian who wore it.

Keelatee knew now that a curse was upon him. During those hot dry days and nights of weariness and thirst, he had forgotten the medal and now it lay out on the foothills somewhere—on the barren lands trail!

For fully a minute Keelatee pondered the disaster, then slowly a new light came into his eyes. He muttered thickly through his teeth, and his hand fell upon the sheath at his loins. It was Berry who had brought all this upon him! It was Berry who had darkened his life and snatched away happiness! Well, Berry should suffer.

Slowly the Indian drew his dagger from its sheath. Now he would carry the naked blade at his loins and the sheath—that symbol of peace and quietude—he would leave on the pillow of his master.

Keelatee stole back into the room and laid the skillfully ornamented sheath on his master's pillow. A few minutes later he rode away, leaving things as he had found them, and intent on searching for his lost medal.

When an Indian carries his dagger unsheathed, it means that he is ready to use it, and woe betide his foe should they meet face to face in some quiet place.

V

Wiseman and Berry were a stir at dawn, and soon the slow-moving, thirst-smitten throng of cattle were under way. It was a case of keeping them moving between water-holes; the weaklings would fall out, but those that were worth a price would keep going till the thirst belt was passed. Toiling in the dust and heat all day, both men were brought to realize what the skill and energy of the Indian had meant to them, and when night fell, black and chill, they heaved a sigh of relief.

It was a ghastly place to make camp, but it was the only place. On either side of the narrow defile the rugged mountain slopes rose abruptly, huge boulders of rock, bedded in soft sand, covering the earth's surface. Up on the heights there the movement of a rattlesnake might set the

whole earth moving, burying the men and their cattle below as many had been buried before them.

As darkness fell the two men separated, Wiseman remaining at the heels of the herd while Berry rode down the defile to make camp at the other end. Thus they had the herd between them, but scarcely had Berry lighted his fire and settled down for the night than a sense of apprehension suddenly possessed him. He recalled that parting glance the Indian had given him, and a haunting terror came upon him that the red man would kill him while he slept! So Berry did not sleep. He sat back against a boulder with his revolver ready, and listened. He had not to listen long. Scarcely had silence fallen upon the exhausted herd when a sound came from the heights above—soft at first, but growing in volume. It was a sound as of distant thunder, and as it drew nearer the bellow of terrified cattle and the pounding of cloven hoofs began to waken the midnight stillness.

Lucky for Berry that he had not slept. In an instant he was on his feet—next moment he had gained his cayuse, and was riding for dear life down the defile. But even as he rode he muttered a savage curse on Keelatee!

Downward swept the thundering boulders, gathering force at every bound, and setting the whole mountainside moving beneath them. Berry galloped on, taking his chance, little knowing whether he was riding away from the slide or into it. The thunder grew into an awful roar, he felt the whole earth shake, and then—silence!

From somewhere in the blackness behind him came the bellowing of maimed cattle and the trampling of hoofs among the boulders as the survivors fled hither and thither for safety. Berry rode slowly back and presently he saw that the whole defile was filled for a distance of one hundred yards. His camping ground of a few moments ago was buried, and buried also were two hundred head of cattle.

Presently Wiseman appeared over the melee. He drew rein and looked at Berry. "We have to thank the Indian for this," said the latter quietly, and Wiseman made no answer. Their task for the present was to prevent the remainder of the herd from stampeding, and that required all their skill and horsemanship.

Berry was convinced in his own mind that it was Keelatee who had set the landslide moving. The rolling of a boulder on the heights above—it was but one man's work! And Berry realized that though he himself had escaped, this was by the merest chance. The landslide had occurred right above his camp, and that fact alone was significant. That the Indian would try again and again, that his life would never be safe while Keelatee was free, Berry knew only too well, and fearful for his own safety, he began to think. That the Indian had caused the slide he had no shadow of doubt, but how was he to prove it?

Berry's hand fell upon the necklace in his pocket, and he laughed softly. It was not a pleasant laugh. Dawn was breaking and he rode across to Wiseman. A few minutes later both men were toiling on foot up the mountain side, intent on investigating the cause of the disaster.

It is well known that when a hot day is succeeded by sudden chill, these landslides are apt to occur, but that was not enough for Berry. They reached the point at which the earth had begun to move, and here they began to cast about for prints of moccasined feet in the sand. Small, straggling bushes grew here and there among the rocks, their sharp, dry branches threatening one's eyes at every step.

Suddenly Wiseman uttered a low cry of surprise.

"What's up?" queried Berry.

"Oh, nothing," answered the rancher.

Berry came a step nearer. "What's that on the branch at your right?" he asked sharply.

"This?" Wiseman gave a short, dry laugh. "It looks like—good heavens!"

It was a necklace of porcupine quills, on which hung a Mission Station Medal!

"With his name behind it!" muttered Berry, with a sneer. Hanging to a branch fifty paces from the spot at which the landslide was started. I guess that will settle any questions, won't it?"

Again Wiseman made no answer, but his eyes were downcast. Berry began to retrace his steps, feeling something of the satisfaction of a clever and single-handed achievement.

VII

Two days later the men reached White Cascade with the survivors of their herd. Among the cattle punchers who frequented the saloons, Berry found a sympathetic audience. He was not long in gathering round him a crowd of men, eager enough to win the favor of the wealthy young ranch owner, who consider the killing of cattle by an Indian as a crime deserving no mercy, and with the spokesman of the gang, Berry sought out Wiseman.

"Yes, it's true enough that I found the necklace," consented the latter. "But if this is going to be a lynching bee, don't look to me for support. Bring the Indian back here or take him to Villa Mare, and I'm with you, but you'll have to give him a white man's trial."

"This isn't a case for any trials," answered the spokesman. "We've got all the evidence we need, and there ain't no need for a trial. As you know, we've got to make our own laws to suit the case out here."

Wiseman shrugged his shoulders and walked away, so the party of man-hunters well mounted, well equipped, set out without him.

Reaching the buffalo track through the hills, they spread out to sweep the country. There was little doubt that the Indian, having discovered that his just attempt had failed, would be lurking in the vicinity waiting for Berry to return. That is the way of the Indian.



A steep glacier climb on G.T.P. Route

For days past Keelatee had been searching the trail for his lost medal, and it was on the trail that finally they found him. The rounding up of their quarry proved a tame affair. Keelatee stood his ground like a statue while the party of horsemen rode up. Then suddenly he recognized Berry at their head.

Instantly the Indian's manner changed. He realized now that a plot had been worked against him. A low hiss passed from his lips and his hand fell upon his unsheathed dagger.

But as the blade flashed in the evening light, strong hands were laid upon him, and Berry's coarse laugh mocked his helplessness.

"Would you, my son?" sneered the rancher. "You observe that he carries his dagger unsheathed? I guess that's another point of evidence. We all know that when an Indian carries a naked blade at his hips, he's waiting for someone. Well, it's pretty clear that this swine was waiting for me by the road, he knew I would return. We all expected it."

The trial was a mere mockery of an affair. The captain mounted a boulder facing the setting sun, and the Indian, with hands bound, was stood at his feet.

"We ain't going to waste words," the Captain began. We all know pretty well what has happened. This yer Indian meant burying Berry, and as he couldn't bury him, he meant knifing him. That's clear. Anyway, we ain't much use for

ding-dong Indians these days and it don't count for much if one goes under. Give your evidence, Ben."

Berry got up and repeated his evidence. He dwelt at length on the long hatred the Indian had borne towards him, the finding of the necklace directly above his camp, and finally the finding of the Indian himself just where they had expected to find him and with dagger unsheathed.

"What you got to say to that?" bel-lowed the spokesman, prodding Keelatee in the ribs with his foot.

"I say this," the Indian answered, "that if Berry found my necklace on the ridge the crows carried it there. I have never left the trail."

A roar of laughter went up, and a look of savage hatred came into the Indian's eyes. He turned to Berry, his eyes flaming "If you have found my necklace," he demanded, "give it to me. It is mine."

"Look here, my son," interposed the spokesman, "you don't quite grasp how you're fixed. We've accused you of attempting to kill Berry and of actually killing two hundred steers. Well, you know what it means if you can't prove to us that you haven't done it. 'Ere—show 'im the rope, Ben. That will bring 'im to his senses, very easy. Now, then. Did you or didn't you set the landslide moving?"

Keelatee made no answer. He understood well enough what was taking place, yet he did not speak. Again the facts were laid before him, and this time he was

taut. Some fool began to play a mouth organ in doleful strains, and there was no absence of laughter. It seemed like a child's burlesque of death.

"For God's sake, keep order!" yelled the grey haired rancher. "We're hanging a man who hasn't spoken a word in self defence!"

"Guess that's his show," Berry shouted back. "Anyway we've asked him. You'd better speak pretty blame quick if you want to, Keelatee!"

But the Indian was staring away into the gloom across the prairie with fixed intentness. Instinctively several of the men turned in the same direction. The grey haired rancher leapt to a boulder and shaded his eyes. "Hold on, boys!" he shouted. There's some one coming."

"What's that got to do with it?" growled Berry.

But the men waited expectantly and presently a cowboy appeared upon the plateau, shouting like a madman and urging his exhausted cayuse. He was covered from head to foot with dust and had clearly travelled far and fast. It was Sil Wiseman!

He rode up to the party and slipped from his mount. The poor beast tottered and fell from exhaustion. Berry strode forward, his eyes upon the Indian, and several of the men sat down to await developments.

"Take a seat, Sil," shouted the spokesman. "You look done."

"So I am," Wiseman answered. "But I prefer to stand if sitting means becoming a member of this riff-raff who would hang an Indian without proper enquiry."

"What's up with us?" demanded the spokesman. "We've questioned him. He wouldn't answer."

"So you're going to hang him, are you?" sneered Wiseman. "Well, I ain't surprised that he wouldn't answer you, but I guess he'll answer me. First of all, when did you lose your necklace, Keelatee?"

"Dunno," answered the Indian.

"When you had the scrap with Berry, did he grip you by the throat?"

"Yes."

Wiseman glanced at Berry. He was listening intently. Briefly the spokesman described how they had found Keelatee waiting on the trail with dagger unsheathed.

"That's nothing," Wiseman observed. "He might have carried it unsheathed for weeks for all Berry knows."

"It's a lie!" cried the last named. "He was wearing the sheath till he left us. You know that."

"You're certain of it?" Wiseman asked.

"Yes!" emphatically.

"Very well then, so am I. Keelatee, what have you done during the last five days?"

"I have been searching the trail for my necklace."

"And where did you go on the night that you left us, after the quarrel?"

"I started out for Villa Mare. I got there the following evening."

"Go on."

"I found the key and let myself into the shanty. I discovered then that I had lost the Medal."

"What had you meant doing with it?"

"I had meant leaving it for you."

"Go on. This was the night of the landslide, remember."

"So I left the sheath of my dagger."

"Where?"

"On your mattress."

Wiseman turned upon the would-be lynchers. Unconsciously he quoted the Captain's own emphatic maxims, uttered early during the trial.

"The Indian does not lie," he said. "We all know that no Indian could invent a story of this sort. Either he speaks the truth or he says nothing. What Keelatee has said is true."

"Prove it!" cried Berry. There was a note of desperation in his tone.

"I will. When I returned I found that someone had entered the hut before me. No one but Keelatee could have entered it. He only was with me when I hid the key. On going in, I found the sheath of his dagger on my mattress. Here it is!"

Wiseman held up the ornamented sheath. There was silence.

"My word might not pass," he went on, "so without moving anything, I called in the sheriff. He will be here in an hour or so to corroborate my story."

For some seconds there was silence, then the spokesman asked:

The Canadian Frontiersmen

By Francis J. Dickie

"Why in Jupiter did Keelatee hurry back to leave his Medal at Wiseman's ranch? That's what gets over me."

It was the grey haired rancher who answered the question.

"That is quite in order to anyone who knows Indians," he said. "At the Mission Station they are taught that the Medals are priceless things and that they bring a blessing upon those who are presented with them."

The Captain shrugged his shoulders.

"And why," he asked, "did the Indian finally leave the sheath of his dagger?"

"It is a symbol of peace," replied the grey haired rancher. "When an Indian is at war he leaves this symbol with some one on whom he wishes the blessings of peace to rest. That is why he carries his dagger unsheathed when at war."

Again the Captain shrugged his shoulders, and with an air of superiority and swagger, he turned to Wiseman.

"Before accepting your evidence," he said, "I would like to know what proof you have that the—"

But Wiseman cut him short with savage vehemence.

"Like the Indian," he snarled, "I do not answer your questions. What authority have you to ask them? What authority have you to pose there as a judge of men, and to exact capital punishment at your own pleasing? It is you who stand guilty of intended murder, not the Indian. Before any thinking tribunal he would be proved innocent, but before such rabble as you Christ Himself was called guilty. In an hour or so, the sheriff and his posse will be here, and you, Mr. Spokesman, had best get on your way before he comes."

"You, too, Berry—" he turned suddenly upon his partner. "Hell's full of men like you!" he added, with a clearness of speech that bore no taint of blasphemy. "You were frightened of the Indian, like the coward that you are. You found his Mission Station Medal, the most sacred of his possessions, and with it you tried to prove him guilty of an act that you alone would have stooped to. The Indian would have met you face to face in fair fight when the time came—he would not have taken you in your sleep, as you had dreaded—now go."

"Berry would have gone, but as he turned, the grey haired rancher closed upon him with the strength of a madman."

"Not yet, my son!" he shouted frantically. "You've got to pay for getting us cursed like this. Wiseman is right in what he says, but you are the biggest skunk of all!"

Berry tore himself free like a man possessed, and ran for his cayuse, the yelling mob at his heels. He gained it safely and fled into the grey twilight, and that was the last that any of them ever saw of him.

As the boys returned, Wiseman handed the ornamented sheath to his Indian partner, and before the eyes of all, Keelatee restored his dagger to its resting place.

DAME NATURE HINTS

When the Food is Not Suited

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is apt to be with the food. The old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. A western man says:

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried various kinds of breakfast food, but they were all soft, starchy messes which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterward."

"A friend persuaded me to quit coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice."

"The change it worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I don't have headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way."

"Grape-Nuts makes a delicious as well as a nutritious dish; and I find that Postum agrees perfectly—never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

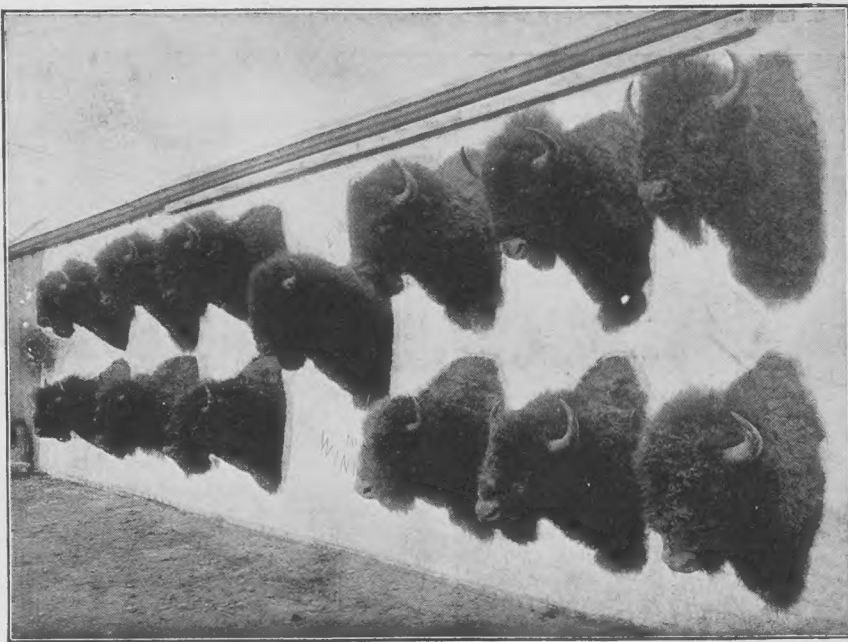
KIPLING gave to them the name of the "Legion that never was listed." And truly they are little known, though they have done great deeds at the front. To the average Canadian the name "Canadian Legion of Frontiersmen," brings no clear picture. The gallant corps of fighters who in little units and one fighting battalion have been making history on the western front, are not even a name. Yet they were the only men ready when the call came to arms. In Canada, ten thousand sturdy, hardy men of the mountains, the plains, and even the great cities, leaped to the call of battle. And all this because a little over a decade ago a lonely mounted police man away up in the wilderness stretches of Alberta dreamed a dream that after years of indefatigable labor came true.

That man was Roger Pocock, sometime mounted policeman, plainsman, gentleman adventurer and wide ranger; a man trained to making his way in the roughest places. In 1903, he was in charge of the then lonely little mounted police post of Lac St. Anne, in northern Alberta. There, with only an occasional Indian or passing white to break the monotony of existence, Pocock fell to pondering upon a plan for the gathering together in one

training would be of immense value in time of war, were also accepted upon the Legion's roll.

In so vast a land as Canada, the various units, of course, were of a necessity often very far apart. To overcome this, various headquarter camps were established, chiefly throughout the west at such large centres as Edmonton, Calgary and other points.

Very slowly the list of names upon the Legion's roll grew. But Pocock persisted. In 1910, after much hard labor the founder placed his plan before the British war office in London, England. It was received with high favor, and, after suggesting two or three slight changes, the war office set their seal of approval upon the venture. This brought Pocock into the limelight and drew his plan to the attention of noted men who were so taken with the idea that they lent their services to the furthering it, and the following men formed themselves into an assisting council: Ex-Field Marshall Viscount Sir John French; Admiral Prince Louis of Battenburg; Earl of Lonsdale; General Lord William Seymour; Viscount Helmsley; Sir Percy Scott; Earl of Meath; Lord Powerscourt; Sir Reginald Hart, V.C.; Sir Claude DeCrispigny; Sir Henry Seton Kerr; Sir Edward Hutton; Sir Edward



A group of very old timers

great body the sturdy adventurous spirits that Canada was so full of. His was not a dream of militarism, but rather that of preparedness. Canada, in spite of its enormous advancement, was still primarily the land of the pioneer. The men of the Dominion, to a greater extent than perhaps any land, were a race of hardy spirits. Thousands of them had done grim battle with nature, faced dangers every day as an every day matter.

So Pocock sat dreaming his dream; and gradually it took shape—he would form in Canada a Legion of Frontiersmen!

Presently he resigned his position with the mounted police and set actively to work upon the building of this body. Like all new things, the founder met with large obstacles. Men in high places, pacifists, and others, opposed him at every turn. But still he proceeded.

His idea was to have men all over the wide Dominion go through such a course of training as would make them fit and ready should war ever come. But, too, this same training was a physical benefit, even in case the country was never called to go to war. At the same time, the Frontiersman was not an organization that the weakling or the unexperienced man could get into. Those men chiefly eligible were cow-boys of the genuine kind, with years of experience on the plains, who could ride like centaurs, shoot straight, and stand hardship and cold. Men with three years experience in the army and navy were also eligible, as well as lumbermen, prospectors, timber cruisers and others that had lived life in the big outdoors. In addition to these civil engineers, telegraph operators, sappers and miners and similar trades, whose knowledge and

Brabant; Captain Crutchley, R.N.; Major General Sam Steele; Sir W. Haines-Smith; Sir Gilbert Parker; Erskine Childers; R. Selous, famous hunter; Arthur Pearson; Charles D. Fry; Rider Haggard; Edward Wallace; Leslie Rundle and Commander Davis. With such notable names as these lending themselves to the Legion, it quickly gained favor.

When the war broke out there were spread throughout Canada some eight thousand men enrolled in Canada alone. Owing to the war office not at first accepting any individual units, the offer of this troop in a body was not accepted. But many of the men quickly attached themselves to various battalions. That these were wonderful fighters is now evident. In the Princess Patricia's alone were some three hundred Frontiersmen; and who is there to-day who has not read with fast beating heart, the record of this heroic band.

At the time of the outbreak of the war, Lt.-Col. Driscoll was commander-in-chief of the Legion. Even with the ranks of the body depleted by several thousand of the members enlisting in separate units, the commander still had some five thousand of the finest, hardest body of fighters in the world, on his roll call. All of them were eager to go to the front, but they also wanted to go in a body. After endlessly besieging the British war office, the Colonel received permission to form a troop. This he did of the five thousand frontiersmen. This unit shortly after went to the front under the name of the "Frontiersman's Battalion." To-day it is showing itself to be one of the finest field forces upon the western front.

The Commander was eminently fitted for his work. In the Boer war, he gained

the honor of D.S.O., by making a forced march with only fifteen men into the town or Fouriersburg, in the Orange Free State, and, defeating an enormously superior body of Boers, released some three hundred British prisoners being held in the town. Equipping them with rifles taken in the town, Col. Driscoll started a retreat toward the main body of the armies, all the time harassed by a superior force of the enemy. He made the retreat successfully. All through the campaign, his way was marked with similar daring deeds, and he gained the name of "the man who slept with one eye open." In the Burmese campaign of 1886-1888, he also distinguished himself. When the Germans were making their almost irresistible march on Paris, in the first few weeks of the present war, it was on his suggestion that a raid was made on the German line of communication by way of northern Belgium. This is only one of the dare-devil and forlorn hope schemes that has marked this man and many others of the Legion in the present war. Little is told to-day of these things, but later, when the war is over it will be seen that they were all men of infinite resource, and daring.

Another noted member of the Legion is Lieutenant S. W. Caws. For his gallant single-handed attack on German Taubes, his name will go down to history. Lieutenant Caws was one of the few Frontiersmen to join the aviation corps. In charge of an aeroplane, and accompanied by Lieutenant Wilson (now a prisoner in Germany) Caws gave battle for upwards of a quarter of an hour to the three Taubes, destroying two of them. At last, however, at the height of eleven thousand feet, he received his death wound. In attempting to drop the plane inside the lines, his assistant, Wilson, fell within the German lines and was taken prisoner.

These two are outstanding cases of individual bravery of men of the Legion. Hundreds of others have been performed, but in the telling would take up many ponderous tomes.

The founder of the Legion's original idea was that the body should be confined to Canada alone. But in recent years, its members became spread all over the world, there being units in Mexico, China, the Falkland Islands and Brazil. In these countries, there has been a great deal of German intrigue going on. In combating this and reporting to the British Headquarters, a number of the members of the Legion in these far places did excellent service. How vast, complicated, and, too, effective, the German system is, has been fully shown many times since the war began. Though what these Frontiersmen in far places found out and reported to the war office, has as yet never been made known, it is at the same time known that their services were of immense value.

That the founder of the Legion had that right idea—that the men accepted by the Legion were men, has been instanced a thousand times since the war began. Out of the warp and woof of one lonely man's dream away up in the waste places of northern Canada has sprung a race of fighters as great as those that came from the Dragon's teeth of old. Through one man's working and dreaming, and struggling on in face of all obstacles, Canada can to-day boast of a hardy daring corps of men that were fully ready and prepared when war's cry rang loud—The Legion of Frontiersmen.

TOKENS

By Julie K. Lippmann

I watched the shadows of the night
Crush out the day on left and right,
Till, with the birds' last lingering croon,
The shadows deepened, and the moon
Rose sad and white.

Rose sad and white the moon, and pale;
About its head a misty veil;
Or, was it, like a sainted soul
Blessed with a heavenly aureole,
Pure, radiant, frail?

Pure, radiant, frail the mist appears.
"Tis rain" I thought. In after years
I found that, in our lifetime's night
An aureole's faith, heavenly light
Betokens tears.

The Book of Life will last when all
other biographies have burned.

The Lethbridge Viaduct

The Longest and Highest Bridge in the World

By W. McD. Tait.

STRETCHING across the Continent of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, curving around the rocky shores of Lake Superior, crossing the prairies of the last great west, and climbing or tunneling the crest of the continent in the Rockies and Selkirks, lies the narrow steel pathway of the Canadian Pacific Railway. As you loll back in a luxurious arm chair of the observation car of a transcontinental train, after having been served with tea, perhaps in the same manner that you would be served in your own home or at your favorite club, you do not realize and even little care about the enormous cost of the road of steel over which you are speeding. Your chief thought, if you have one regarding the railway, is that the track is smooth and the streams and gorges safely bridged.

Before this great railway constructed a viaduct across the Belly River at Lethbridge in Southern Alberta, the westbound train on the Crow's Nest Branch, zigzagging across sloughs, wiggling link by link like a measuring worm around deep-cut ravines, crawled across twenty wooden bridges in the St. Mary's river bottom ere it reached the Blood Reserve of the Blackfoot Indians. The traveller, peering through the coach window at the browned hills to the north and heaving sea of prairie to the south, feels that civilization is receding farther and farther rearward, and that the fenceless fields of the last west have been reached. An owl flops up from a knoll by the roadside, and buzzards and eagles are liting overhead in a sort of dreary enjoyment of desolation. A lone coyote is retreating beyond the hills, and equines of nondescript breeding, with patches of white and brown for coloring, are feeding at intervals on the prairie grass. Indian encampments, with blanketed braves and red-skirted squaws lounging against the white tepees, only increased the impression of utter primitiveness.

Yet, this is the environment of one of the wonders of the world. It is here that the Canadian Pacific Railway has constructed a bridge, the combined dimensions of which make it the greatest in the world.

Up till 1894, Lethbridge City was the western terminus of a narrow gauge railway between that city and Dunmore Junction on the main Canadian Pacific Railway line near Medicine Hat. This narrow gauge road, owned by the Alberta Railway and Coal Company, was taken over by the Canadian Pacific Railway and standardized when the Crow's Nest Branch was built by them during 1897 and 1898. This line connects Medicine Hat, "the Gas City," with Kootenai Landing on the south end of Kootenai Lake in British Columbia, and parallels the main line about 100 miles south of it.

On the line constructed in 1897 and 1898, Lethbridge City was reached by a spur track of 1½ miles, making the total distance from Lethbridge to Macleod, the junction with the Calgary and Edmonton branch, 38½ miles. This line had curves as sharp as 7 degrees (819 feet radius) and an actual grade of 1 per cent (52.8 feet per mile). Only two streams were crossed, but on low levels, requiring 18 other tressels and bridges across the mouth of coulees and ravines which were tributary to the main gorge. The aggregate length of these bridges was 12,063 feet or 2.8 miles, and the lumber required for their construction measured 15,000,000 feet board measure. One of them was 2,933 feet long and a number were over 100 feet high. The earth work was heavy and, during the spring and high-water season, required constant watching.

If this line were to be maintained, these bridges would require to have been rebuilt at an estimated cost of \$1,065,000. In consideration of these circumstances, the rapid increase in traffic, and the fact that the original charter of the Crow's Nest branch required the construction of a line from Lethbridge City, it was decided to have surveys made to ascer-

tain if it would be possible to secure a straighter line with lower grades between this city and Macleod. Extensive surveys were made and finally a suitable one was located approximately 31¼ miles long, with a grade of 0.4 per cent. On this line were two heavy high-level crossings, the greater of which was over the Belly river, and required a viaduct 5,327 or 1 mile and 47 feet long and 307 feet high. This gave a virtual maximum grade of four-tenths of 1 per cent or 21.12 feet per mile and a curvature of 3 degrees, or 1,910 feet radius.

The saving affected by the new location as compared with the old was as follows: 5.26 miles of line, 1,735 degrees of curvature, eliminating 37 curves and 401 feet less rise and fall, thereby securing a 0.4 grade. On the supposition of an increase of 20 per cent in traffic above the preceding year, these changes so reduced the cost of operating trains as to pay interest at the rate of 4 per cent on an investment of \$3,625,000. If to this amount here is added the cost of replacing old bridges with permanent structures, viz., \$1,065,000, a total of \$4,690,000 would be obtained. This amount represents the capital expenditure which would be justified, while the estimated cost of the change of line was \$2,048,700.

The new bridge was designed by C. N. Monsarrat, now chairman of the board of engineers for the Quebec Bridge. There are four great types of bridges: Swing, for low level crossing of streams, which must be cleared periodically for navigation; cantilever, where a stream must be crossed, and it is impossible to use false-work or temporary wooden scaffolding during erection of steel; suspension, for gorges upon whose sides heavy cables can be anchored and the bridge hung on these; deck lattice or plate girder, where it is possible, to construct piers to support the steel. Of these types the design chosen for the Lethbridge Viaduct was a plate girder carried on rigidly braced, riveted, steel towers. This type was selected because, considering the great height of the structure and the difficulty of erecting false-work owing to prevailing high winds in Southern Alberta, it could be erected more easily.

Many difficulties were encountered in the erection of the foundations of concrete. Extreme floods in the spring and early summer of construction caused the water in the Belly river to rise a foot higher than ever before in the experience of men of Alberta. This flood submerged the coffer dams, deposited enough silt to fill them, and carried away some of the contractor's plant.

One of the unique machines used on this bridge was an erection traveller, built entirely of steel, and capable of lifting to position pieces of 10 tons weight. To provide for the safety and convenience of workmen, assembling cages were used one on either side of the bridge. For the purpose of signalling to the various engines on the main traveller, a system of telephones was installed, with a telephone booth placed in the middle of the assembling cage. Each engine operator wore a headpiece holding a receiver and mouth-piece. This method of signalling proved very efficient, the operator in the booth being very close to the workmen engaged in the erecting and in a position to watch all the tackles used for the raising of tower material. Riveting hammers driven by compressed air were used throughout the work and approximately 328,000 field rivets were driven in the structure.

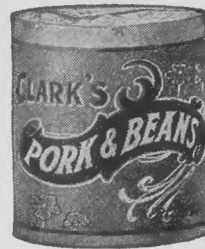
Actual work on the steel took just 300 working days, but during the winter of erection a strike among the men was responsible for the loss of two weeks. In one month 2,300 tons of steel was set in place of 735 lineal feet of structure completed. This constituted a record for rapid work in the construction of steel. No accident of any import to the machinery occurred during all the period of construction. On one occasion one of the

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Little
Miss
MAIDEN
CANADA

387

derrick cars of the bridge company was overturned, but was saved from falling overboard by the heavy side girders which are said to be of sufficient strength to keep an ordinary passenger coach from leaving the bridge. In addition to the side girders three lines of 56-pound guard rails and two outer guard rails of 6 in. by 8 in. timber, make traffic secure.

It required 645 cars to transport the steel actually used in the erection of the bridge. Contractor's plant required 40 cars more, and additional cars for various materials would bring the total up to 1,000.

During the construction of the bridge four fatalities occurred. Coal for driving the engines used on the sub-structure was taken from test holes in the river bottom. A boy had gone into one of these shafts, contrary to orders, and two men perished by gas while effecting his

Grey Knitting

By Elspeth Wilson

While busily knitting the grey army socks, of such importance to our boys engaged in the mighty conflict of to-day, my thoughts keep pace with my fingers.

The similarity to the fashioning of human lives presents itself to me in the fabric being woven by my hands. The material is placed before us to fashion according to directions and as in childhood the beginning is complicated and much is to be learned, the furrow and ridge of the stocking's top like irksome "don'ts" or hours of school tasks.

Later we become more competent and reaching plain knitting glide with self assurance just as we have seen young people in early life.

The way lies plain seemingly, and we are forgetful that often when feeling most secure, a mistake may creep in, or careless



The grotesque totems found in many parts of British Columbia. A relic of North American Indianism

rescue. One man fell from the top while making connections on the steel-work, and another man, a stranger, walking over the bridge, fell through the floor before it was completed.

Some 23,000 cubic yards of excavation were taken from the foundations for piers, and 17,000 cubic yards of concrete put in. In addition to this 1,676 concrete piles were driven for foundations for the piers. The steel in the structure weighs 12,200 tons. The bridge is the longest and highest in the world, and itself cost over \$2,000,000. The plant of the contractors was valued at \$75,000.

At present this bridge is being carefully guarded by armed watchmen of the Canadian Militia. This is one of the steel structures numbered in the plot for blowing up bridges of the C.P.R. for which a German-American is now incarcerated in the Provincial penitentiary at Lethbridge.

An attorney tells of an office boy in his employ who resigned his job because the law business did not suit his peculiar temperament.

"How long have you been here?" asked the attorney, when the small boy made known his intention to engage in a different vocation.

"Six months," replied the boy.

"And you don't like the law business?"

"Naw. It's no good, and I'm sorry I learned it."

move which may cost us hours of anxiety, causing us to retrace as far as possible in order to redeem lost stitches. Even then a blur remains to mark our heedlessness.

Like the days of youth we sweep on to a more important part which comes to sock and lives alike. Our attention becomes centred upon fewer stitches, and the fashioning of the heel begins followed by the great turning point, as when two young lives become united. Here responsibilities increase with unexpected complications, while we dare scarce raise our eyes from our task lest we lose ground or become discouraged. Just here I find it helpful to count each stitch as I work enumerating them as they reel from my needles—equivalent to counting our blessings as we sort each to its proper place in uniform order.

Growing accustomed to the work, trials that once assumed alarming proportions have ceased to press upon us and we spin along at an even pace, we even sing as we work. To many this stretch, both in life and in knitting may appear monotonous and humdrum, but it is only a very necessary part of the great scheme and lo, soon the end is in sight.

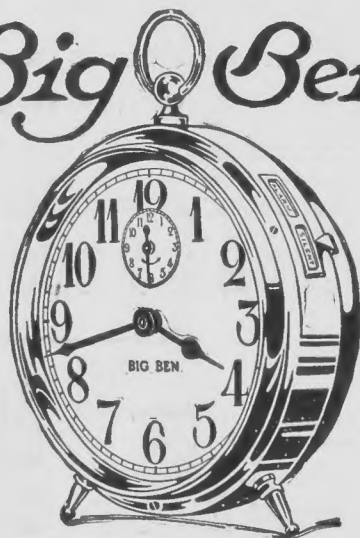
Our work however marred by trials and mistakes, goes forth to better the life of some other, near or afar in this great wide world.

"Don't you think her husband is naturally a gentle, patient man?"

"Sometimes I think he is and sometimes I think she's got him scared."



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A Narrow Escape

A Tale of the War by W. R. Gilbert

THE clatter of hoofs died away on the road beyond the chateau and Captain Harry Fernie cautiously raising a bandaged head above the tall grain looked in the opposite direction. Dusk was falling rapidly but he could still see two miles along the white road that stretched towards the Belgian frontier. Not a single form was visible on it. He sank back into the grain with a sigh of relief. "We'll be clear before daybreak," he said in a low tone to Corporal Masson and Private Woods, who were stretched out a few feet from him, and who had looked up with enquiring eyes. "Twenty miles at the outside, and no more canals or rivers in the way"—though no one was near, this was said in a whisper. It was an acquired habit. Would he ever raise his voice naturally again? Two

did not come back in an hour. At the edge of the wood the Captain left his companions, and on hands and knees made his way in the direction of the chateau.

Captain Fernie found a wall that, though about eight feet high had apparently been built more to shelter a garden, than to protect the house, and a leap gave him the grip of the slender branches of a fig tree that enabled him to pull himself up.

Dropping down, he surveyed the dark mass of the house. The only sign of life was given by a subdued light high up on the right. He judged that the kitchen was straight in front of him, and stealing round by the wall he came to a paved yard. Here he was confronted by an array of heavily shuttered windows. He was trying a mas-



A mountain torrent dashing on its mad career near Mt. Robson, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

nights of stealthy crawling alongside German troops had been pretty effective in fixing a new habit. He was coming to regard as his one mission in life the restoration of his two men unharmed if somewhat soiled, to the regiment.

The two men responded with a thankful murmur. "I'll know Heaven if ever I see it again, sir—the old canteen," said Woods in a hoarse whisper. The Captain smiled absent-mindedly. He was deep in meditation. He was in fact contemplating a burglary.—To steal was kinder than to involve people in trouble by asking for food—and safer. "Apparently no Germans are going to stop at that chateau," he said after a minute. "In half an hour we'll creep through this field to the little wood behind the house. Probably I shall go foraging. We shall get ahead better if we have some food." He smiled again at the eager light that came into the men's eyes. It was forty hours since they had eaten anything except ears of wheat.

Captain Fernie filled in the time by giving the Corporal what to do if he

sive door, when lights appeared through the chinks of adjoining shutters, and peering in he saw an old woman pass with a tray laden with the remnants of a repast. He did not quite realize how hungry he was until he saw on the tray, the remains of a meat pie.

Now Fernie having successfully conducted a party of fugitives for two days and nights through country swarming with Germans had imagined that burglary would simply be child's play in comparison. But while he waited for the old woman to complete her work in the kitchen, he was puzzled to know how he could get in. He crept stealthily about looking for any small window or door that offered admittance. There was none. Then the old woman departed, and he heard the slight rasping noise of a heavy key being turned, and the big door was softly opened. At the same moment the sound of cavalry struck his ears.

Fernie stepping back against the wall remained motionless. To his astonishment a lady clad in some creamy colored stuff, stepped silently out and looked round. She saw him at once.



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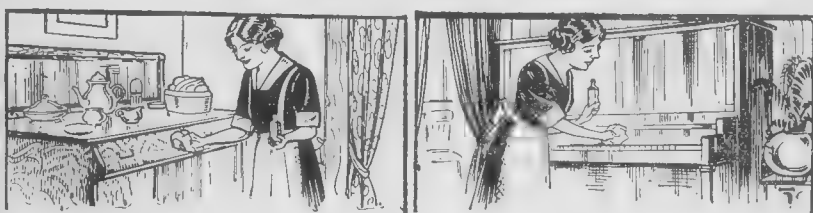
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ADDRESS

"You are a soldier? You seek a shelter?" she asked in a soft whisper.

Fernie responded in the same tone, "Yes, Mademoiselle, a soldier, but only seeking food, not shelter. I beg you to forgive my attempt at theft—but hunger does not leave much choice."

"Ah, a British officer!" she said quickly. "Yet a moment! The old Jeannette must not know that you are here—I saw you from my room."

"Please do not—"

But she had withdrawn noiselessly to the kitchen. He had not been able to see her features, only making out she had a glorious mass of dark hair, but something told him of a serene self-control. Fernie waited, thinking more of Mademoiselle—he did not picture her as Madame—than of the approach of the cavalry, now very near. The door was again softly opened and the unknown reappeared. She had a bundle in her hands. "How sorry I am that we cannot entertain un de nos amis!" she exclaimed hurriedly, holding out the bundle: while two words of sharp command were given at the front: "My father and brother fight at your side. God be with you!"

She fled in before Fernie could do more than take the bundle. A thundering peremptory knock made flight urgent. "They will not trouble you about me—that do not know I am here" he whispered.

But he had only taken two quick steps when he heard a horseman come clattering round the side of the house.

Fernie, back in the darkness of the pantry heard Mademoiselle conduct the officer into some side room, where he and a colleague were to be served. It was the sergeant who was in the kitchen with Jeannette who was too terrified to do anything. Mademoiselle came in. The sergeant's voice had a more amiable sound than his commander's.

"The men can be served here," he said, "and with a spread of straw they can sleep in the hall. Is that old woman the only help you have?"

"Our only other maid left is helpless from fear" returned Mademoiselle. "Now, sir, I shall bring some food to your room. Jeannette, come here!"

The officer, however, did not take the hint to leave the room until the men began to pile into the kitchen. While they were tramping in, Jeannette, calmed by Mademoiselle, was setting the table, and the latter disappeared. She was back, however, before the men had started their food.

Fernie could hear her sending the old woman to the officers. He had retreated to the back of the pantry, which was about 10 ft. by 6 ft., and was trying to evolve some plan to convince the Germans, when he was caught—as he expected to be any minute now—that he really was housebreaking, and had not been seen by Mademoiselle. Her voice was heard outside the pantry door which was opened slightly.

Fernie stood erect at the end in semi-darkness. Light fell across Madem-



Indian Cemetery at Hazelton, B.C.

Quick as thought he spun round, darted to the door, firmly pushed it back, slipped in just before the light from a lantern flashed round the yard. He would have made a sudden dash, and got clear away, if he had had only himself to think of—but he must not involve Mademoiselle in suspicion of harboring fugitives—he knew what happened in those cases.

A thunderous second assault shook the front door. "I must go" whispered Mademoiselle, recovering at once from the surprise of his return. "Jeannette is too frightened. Behind you is the pantry door, if you cannot get out before someone enters here." A second later, the door closed behind her. Heavy footsteps were heard in the hall and a gruff voice demanded in very German French, the master or mistress of the house. Fernie heard Mademoiselle say very clearly in German, "My mother lies ill upstairs, Herr Offizier, but I will do what I can for you."

Outside, at the back, a Uhlan still kept pottering round. Fernie had his hand on the pantry door handle—luckily for him, for the door into the entrance hall suddenly opened and old Jeannette came tumbling in. He barely had time to slip into the pantry before she turned on the light. For some reason the officer spoken to by Mademoiselle was very surly. He demanded food and accommodation for thirty men, and the house rang with his shouted orders. Half the number were to come in at once for food. A sergeant was to search the house from top to bottom for fugitives, and the others were to act as guards outside.

oiselle's face as she stopped inside. He had no time to reflect on the dazzling good looks thus revealed to him. Not a muscle of her face changed though it must have been a shock to see him. She did not utter a word but pointed to a corner under the bottom shelf. He had been in hiding for days, but crouching like this before a woman went against the grain. However there was no help for it.

Mademoiselle stepped out with some things on a tray. Then the sergeant's voice almost petrified Fernie. "Mademoiselle," it said, "You must permit the men to help themselves from the larder. It is unnecessary for you to remain here."

Fernie quickly prepared himself. Then he heard Mademoiselle speak with perfect gravity. "You will trust me," she said softly, "to see that your men get all we can give them. I am the daughter and sister of soldiers, and I feel there is no dishonor in attending any who bear arms for their country."

"As you will Mademoiselle," replied the sergeant, and Fernie imagined he could see the accompanying bow.

Keeping the door half shut, Mademoiselle seized a large cheese and then two loaves and met two of the men half way. Back she came swiftly, bent apparently on emptying the larder, while Fernie squeezed himself into his ignominious corner. He had leisure to reflect on his next step, while the men ate both busily and loudly. Jeannette supplied them with wine, while Mademoiselle flitted about safe-guarding the pantry door.

Fernie cramped up, felt fairly certain he could steal out, when the Uhlans had laid themselves out for sleep, but he feared what his two men might do in the meantime. Once, when Mademoiselle came to the back of the pantry, clattering some dishes, he whispered to her to make sure the door was not locked.

"I think you can go even now," she whispered in return. "It would be better. What if I turn out the light?"

"Too risky for you," he said.

She shook her head. At that and thinking of the danger from his two followers attempting a rescue, he crawled out from the corner and began to undo his boots. He heard her go to the door and make to open it, with the remark, utterly nonchalantly, "Some fresh air meine herren?"

"Nein!" came explosively from the table, "Leave the door alone."

"Good!" she replied equally; but only put the door to. Next she went to the entrance hall, and coming back unobtrusively shut that door.

"Now!" whispered Mademoiselle, coming to the pantry again.

Fernie nodded coolly. Then he made a gesture to detain her. "Name?" he breathed supplicatingly.

She smiled at the grimy figure, "Zelie de Lou-Parville," she whispered, "Of?" "Chateau d'Issan."

Then she looked grave again. Suddenly, "Come back with your regiment," she said fiercely. Leaving the door half open, she glanced at the table, picked up a glass dish, and walked towards the entrance hall. Slipping suddenly she gave a low cry and fell forward, and simultaneously out went the lights, and there was a great sound of smashing glass. There was a loud shout of irritation, and several men rose to switch on the lights.

Fernie, the bundle of food under his arm and his boots in hand, was under the garden wall before a thin shaft of light struck out from the kitchen door. He waited in a very savage mood for full two minutes before he climbed the wall. He felt like a skunk running away and leaving his benefactress in danger. Was she safe? He listened, thinking grimly how he and his two comrades could easily surprise one of the sleeping sentries, and punish that detachment.

Then he heard Mademoiselle's clear, calm voice saying, "Gute Nacht!" Had she raised her voice to reassure him?

Captain Fernie will try and find out that, and the consequences that may be drawn from it, at the end of the war. He is still too busy to attend to private affairs however engrossing.

Living Waters

Elizabeth Akers

There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep

As ever summer saw;
And cool their water is—yea, cool and sweet;

But you must come to draw.
They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,

And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,

So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst

To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst

Where the tired traveller strays;
That never ask the meadows if they want

What is their joy to give—
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant—

So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,

Wherein all waters fall;
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,

Feeding and bearing all,
That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,

That takes, again to give:
Even the great and loving heart of God,
Whereby all love doth live.

The Advertised Nuptials

By H. Franklin Thomas

"**T**HERE you go," protested Celia Robinson, angrily, "trying to take all the sentiment out of the happiest day in a girl's life. I thought you would at least refrain from making a business proposition out of our own wedding."

Charles Towne had a mind which could see possibilities for gain in even the most sentimental and delicate affairs of the world. His scheming brain was always on the alert and his highest ambition seemed to be to outline some theory, frame up a plot, and then attempt to execute the project.

"Of course, there must be a certain amount of romance and sentiment in a wedding," he replied, in seemingly deep thought, "but, at the same time, I believe every wedding should be conducted at a profit instead of a loss."

"How terrible!" she exclaimed indignantly. "The very idea of saying our wedding will be a loss to anybody."

"Wait, wait," he interrupted; "please wait until I have explained all the little details, then you will readily see that the average wedding results in a loss to both parties."

"I can't see how you make that out," she answered quickly.

"Well, in the first place," he commenced, settling himself back comfortably in his chair, "you know weddings are a terrible expense. Of course, two people are made extremely happy, but at the same time, you can't evade the bill collector after the big show is over."

"Oh, how terribly commonplace you are lately," she exclaimed tearfully. "You were not that way before we began to arrange for the wedding."

"Now, please don't worry about my ways," he answered. "There will be plenty of time for romance and sentiment during the honeymoon; but, remember, we are facing a fashionable wedding. One of those modern wed-



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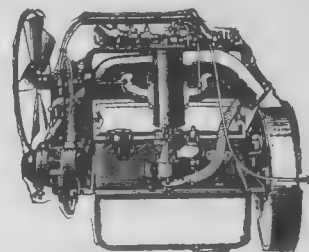
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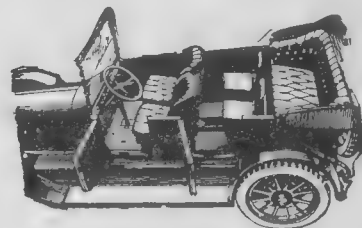
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F. O. B. Walkerville



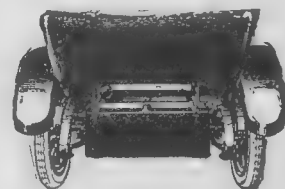
—it buys MORE Power—a big 3½-inch bore x 5-inch stroke motor that develops FORTY Horse Power—the most POWERFUL 4-cylinder car at the price.



—it buys MORE Room—plenty for SEVEN full-grown people to ride in comfort—more room for driver and more in tonneau—DIVIDED and adjustable front seats.

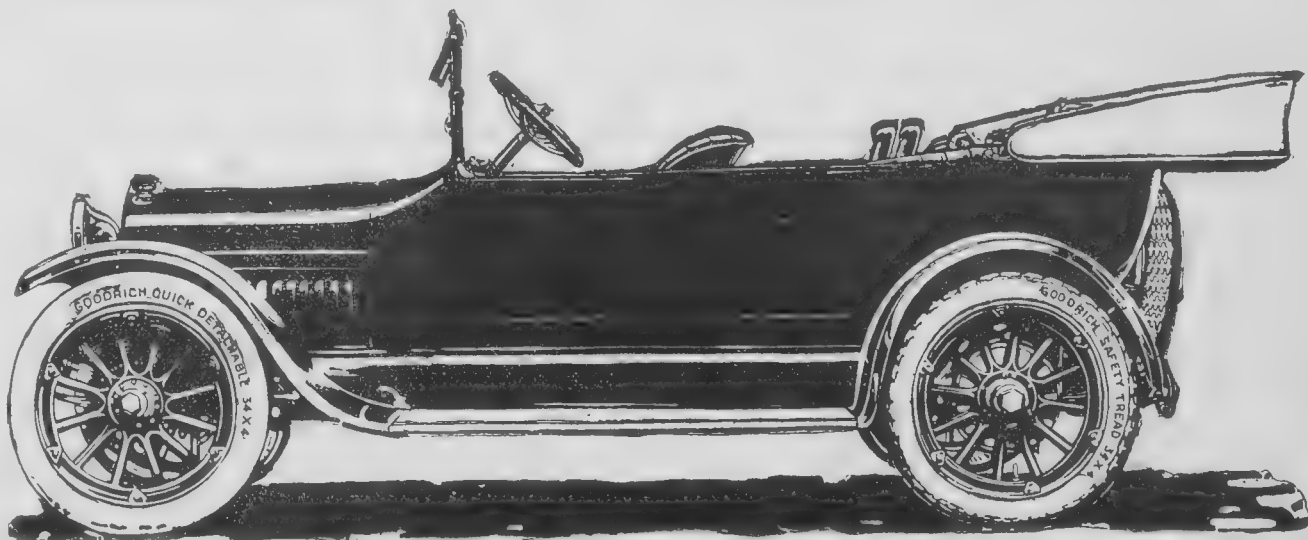


—it buys MORE Beauty—a handsome car, luxurious in its finish and graceful in its long, smooth, flowing lines—finest hand-buffed, straight-grain, semi-glazed leather upholstery.



—it buys many NEW Conveniences—such as the gas tank removed from the cowl to the rear of the chassis—the new design, overlapping, storm-proof windshield—the adjustable front seats—the more conveniently arranged instruments.

See them all in the car at your dealer's



My Enemy My Corn



It's Utterly Needless

This is to prove that every corn which stays and hurts is folly.

Lovers of dainty footwear are bound to start corns. But nobody needs to keep them.

At the first sign, or anytime, apply a Blue-jay plaster. That ends all pain. And it ends the corn. In two days it disappears.

You know that paring never cures.

You know that harsh

applications are wrong.

Now you should know Blue-jay. It has ended 70 million corns. To a world of men and women it has brought perpetual freedom.

We promise that to you.

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Ends Corns

'dings which sometimes drives the bride into nervous prostration and makes her father face the bankruptcy court, while the poor bridegroom begins life in the hole.

"Now, what I propose to do," he continued enthusiastically, "is to advertise our nuptials; in other words, I have devised a scheme whereby a wedding can be conducted on a paying basis."

"Go on with the scheme. I'm ready for the worst," she said dejectedly.

"Well, in the first place," he said, "as we both know, the average wedding is a failure because it is not advertised to bring the proper results."

"But, remember the gifts," she said faintly.

"That's the trouble," he interrupted, "I do remember, and that is the principal reason I have been working my scheming brain overtime. I intend to try to regulate the giving of wedding gifts by the power of advertising."

"Such an idea is absurd!" she returned in alarm.

"Absurd or not," he answered, "I will not be satisfied with the returns of this wedding if we let it run itself. If we don't do something, our relatives, friends and acquaintances will fill our home with a lot of useless trinkets, and then the first thing you know I will have them all down on me because I've started a five and ten-cent store with the stock."

"You must remember," he said, undisturbed, "that there are many ways of advertising. My methods will be carried out secretly, but I have based my ideas upon the psychology of advertising so that my plans simply cannot miscarry."

"Now, for instance," he explained. "Take this diagram of the dining room. Underneath the buffet I have written the name of your Aunt Jerimiah."

"Mercy," she cried, convulsed with laughter. "Aunt Jerry would never spend that much money."

"Oh, yes, she will," he said in perfect confidence. "Wait till she reads a letter like this, and note its psychological effect on her mind:"

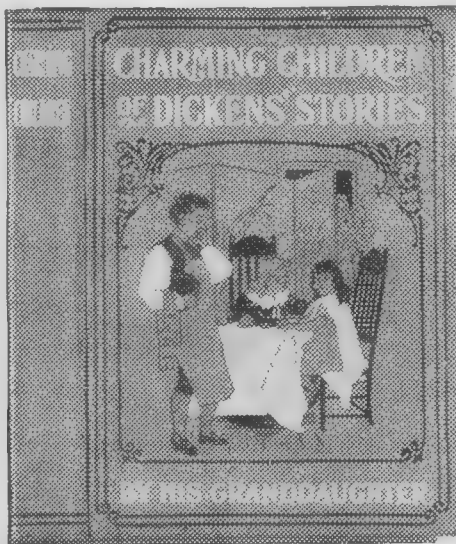
"Dear, Miss—I knew you would be interested to hear this bit of news. The other day while in Smith's dry goods store I heard one of our coming brides, Miss Robinson, who is also your charming niece, going into raptures over a buffet she had seen in the Williams' furniture store. Immediately I went to Mr. Williams and told him I would never forgive him if he let any one else but your darling niece have it. He then told me if any of her relatives wanted to buy it for her, he would let them have it at just half price. I sat right down and wrote to you, because I knew you would be terrible angry if you ever found out that you had missed a chance like this to make Miss Robinson love you



Mr. Bell-Smith, the distinguished painter of Canadian scenery, and group at Willow River, B.C.

Charming Children of Dickens' Stories

A Book which every Boy and Girl Should be Allowed to Read



"CHARMING CHILDREN of Dickens' Stories" is a delightful book, and contains the beautiful life stories of the twenty child heroes and heroines of the world's greatest friend of children, Charles Dickens. Written by his granddaughter, Mary Angela Dickens and others. The twenty best stories for boys and girls have been selected from the writings of this greatest of all character painters, and have been brought together in this one large volume for the delight and instruction of our own boys and girls. The twenty stories cover almost the entire range of Charles Dickens' works and present his finest passages of Humor and Pathos, Sentiment and Narrative.

Three hundred and fifty pages, nearly one hundred illustrations. This book contains four superb lithographs, eight fine half-tone engravings, including a Beautiful Portrait of Dickens and numerous excellent

drawings to accompany the text. Bound in the best genuine cloth, with ornamental cover design stamped in colors.

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and THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WHAT YOU GET

The Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer for 1 year
The Western Home Monthly for 1 year, and the book
"Charming Children of Dickens' Stories."

FOR \$1.75

FREE PRESS, WINNIPEG

Enclosed find \$1.75 for which send me The Weekly Free Press and The Western Home Monthly for 1 year each and the special premium book, "Charming Children of Dickens' Stories," postage prepaid.

Name

Address

"Not for me!" he exclaimed. "I am going to conduct, what I call, 'The Nuptial Advertising Campaign.'"

"An advertising campaign?" she asked in surprise.

"Sure," he answered, "a regular advertising campaign. I have gone about it in the same way as I would if I were going to lay out a scheme to sell boots, butter or bees. For instance, I did my investigating to-day. I spent hours at our new home constructing plans of the rooms, and the articles of furniture and decorations needed for each and every room."

"Here are the plans," he continued, laying the sheets of paper before her.

"Looks to me like a Chinese drawing of some of our seaports," she retorted. "I simply can't make head nor tail out of it."

"Well, I'll explain the Chinese puzzle," he answered sarcastically. "For instance, here is the parlor. In this corner I have indicated the place for a piano. Then there are the places for two tables, six chairs, three pictures, rugs and curtains. Each room is planned in the same way. Just enough to make it artistic and comfortable, and no more. Now, you will notice a space below the drawing of each article. Well, that is for the name of the relative, friend or acquaintance we will solicit for this particular article."

"Solicit for wedding presents!" she cried. "Are you crazy? Why, that would be terrible. Think how the people will talk."

for life, and this golden opportunity to make your other relatives turn green with envy. Now, just think—half price—a marvellous bargain and a gift that will be appreciated for a lifetime.

"Mr. Williams says he will only hold this offer open for a few days, so hurry up and buy at once."

"A Well Wishing Friend."

When he had finished, she gasped, "Well, of all the pure, genuine nerve!"

"Don't make any comments yet," he interrupted. "This is only the beginning and a subordinate idea to the master scheme. You see our wedding invitations will be sent out Friday of this week. Then, on Monday, every one who has received an invitation will also be followed up by a letter something on this order. Each invited guest will be solicited to give some particular piece of furniture, so that when the returns from our advertising letters begin to come in, we will have our home completely furnished."

"We will receive no useless gifts to swear at. There will be no worrying or scheming how to break or destroy our presents in order to get them out of the way. There will be no houseful of costly stuff we can never use, and no cellar or attic piled with truck we cannot find a place for."

"I have a friend, a young chap," he went on, "who conducts an addressing office. I have engaged him to write these letters soliciting our wedding gifts."

He has the list of invited guests and the proposition he is to make to each one."

Then, together, they went over his plans, the list of articles and the guests who were to be solicited for gifts. With a few changes it was decided to send the plans and lists to the addressers for execution at once.

"But I don't understand the half price idea," she said, doubtfully.

"If we were to ask them full price," he answered, "they would never heed that letter. As it is, we give them a most extraordinary inducement to buy just exactly what we want and need. I went to Mr. Williams, the furniture man, and explained my scheme. I am to furnish him a list of the articles wanted and the people to whom he is to sell them for half-price. Then I pay the other half at a big discount, but in the end I get just what we want for our home.

"I have figured it out carefully and I find by paying the extra money on an outfit of the best furniture I am a good many hundred dollars ahead; and at the same time I have done away with the irregular and unsatisfactory methods of presenting wedding gifts.

"So you see, little girl," he continued cheerfully, "when we move into our little home it will be furnished completely, and we will not have to bother with a lot of truck for which we haven't any need or use."

No sooner had the invitations been sent out and the details of the "Nuptial Advertising Campaign" completed, than Charles was called to a nearby city on important business.

He consoled himself with the knowledge that everything was running like oiled machinery, and he left further directions with Celia in case he did not get back until the eventful day.

And the fates arranged it so that he did not get back until the morning of the wedding, which was to take place at twelve o'clock from a fashionable church near Celia's home.

He was so busy looking after his own affairs that he had only time for a few minutes' chat with the bride-to-be over the telephone, and he did not notice her fearful voice.

When he had finished his business he just had time to race wildly to the church, and it was all over before he hardly realized it.

But, at the wedding breakfast, a feeling came over him that his bride was not as happy and joyful as she should be. He began to imagine all sorts of things, but he had so many people to talk to he could not let his mind dwell on mysteries.

The breakfast over, he found they had just time to make preparations for getting away on an early afternoon train. Up the stairs he rushed and tapped lightly on the door of his wife's room. He heard a faint voice say, "Come in."

For the first time he was alone with her, only to find her in tears.

"What in the world is the matter?" he questioned, anxiously.

"Oh, we'll be the laughing stock of the whole town!" she wailed. "The furniture in our new house!"

"The furniture!" he exclaimed, more perplexed than ever.

"Yes," she sobbed, "it is horrid old wood; from the attic to cellar it looks like some one had chopped up a lot of crooked trees and nailed them together. And they—they are our wedding presents."

He dropped into a chair, utterly bewildered. His cherished scheme had miscarried. He could not see how it had happened. He went over and tried to console his weeping bride, but she would not be comforted.

He felt awkward and ill at ease. His anger at himself and his chagrin at the failure of his scheme unnerved him, and he sat there immovable.

The silence, broken only by her sobs, was terrible. He walked over to a table and idly picked up some letters. They were addressed to him.

"When did these come, dear?" he asked.

"While you were away," she said, between choking sobs.

An angry scowl covered his face. "The fool! The blundering idiot!" he said sharply.

"What did you say?" she asked, drying her eyes.

"Here, this explains it. That friend of mine, who was to write those personal letter advertisements, got my mailing list mixed with the mailing list of some hickory furniture manufacturer, and sent rustic furniture advertisements to all our wedding guests."

"But our letters?" she asked in horror.

"They never went out," he explained. "The fellow discovered his mistake just after he had mailed the other advertisements, and he wrote me this letter a week ago, asking what he should do about it."

"But just think," she said, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, "we will be the laughing stock of the town. Didn't you notice it all morning? Everybody seems so amused about something, and I know that is what it is about."

"Never mind, dear," he answered consolingly. "We're in the game yet." He clinched his fists and walked over to the window to think.

"Some one is knocking," she said. "You had better see who it is."

"Only a telegram of congratulation," he answered. "You read it. I want to think."

"Oh, oh!" she exclaimed joyfully, "a check for a thousand from your Uncle Henry in Cleveland, and he also gave us a house all furnished on Euclid Heights."

"What?" he asked incredulously, reading the telegram hurriedly. "Then we can make this our summer home," he laughed. "Just think of the money we have saved by letting the people give us this rustic furniture. We would have been terribly in debt if we had to pay the other half on all that expensive furniture we had intended to advertise for."

Somebody's Darling

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling, was borne one day—

Somebody's darling so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Somebody's darling so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,

They were somebody's pride, you know:
Somebody's hand had rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?

And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptised in those waves of light?

God knows best; he has somebody's love
Somebody's heart enshrines him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

—Marie La Coste.



Ewing's

Grass and Clover Seed

No. 1 Government Standard

has earned a high reputation for sure germination, sturdy growth and heavy crops.

We buy the seed from the districts which we have found produce the cleanest and best strains. Then we clean and re-clean it until it comes well within the Government Standard in freedom from those noxious weeds that are so easy to introduce to your fields, and so hard to eradicate.

Some of our famous Brands:

Ewing's "Canary" Brand Early Red Clover.
Ewing's "Eagle" Brand Late Mammoth Red Clover.
Ewing's "Best" Brand Alsike Clover.
Ewing's "Sun" Brand Timothy.
Ewing's "Moon" Brand Timothy.

All No. 1 Government Standard.

If your dealer does not handle Ewing's Seeds, write for prices and catalogue to
THE WILLIAM EWING CO. LIMITED, Seed Merchants, McGill Street, MONTREAL.

This Ad. Will Save You \$100

We have been before the Canadian public for many years with a straight offer of \$100 saving on the purchase of a piano, because of factory-to-user methods and prices. Thousands have profited. The outcome of business methods and a strict fulfilment of every advertised promise has built up a great modern plant for the exclusive manufacture of the

SHERLOCK-MANNING 20th Century PIANO

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

The action, hammers, and strings we use are the finest money can buy. The Sherlock-Manning represents the best in case, tone, workmanship or durability. We give you a guarantee for ten years. handsome Art Catalogue "A" on request. Write for it and read the plain facts.

THE SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO COMPANY, LONDON, (No street address necessary) CAN. 76



The Winnipeg Piano Company, 333 Portage Avenue

carry a complete assortment of Sherlock-Manning Pianos and Organs. Catalogues and prices mailed free on application. Easy terms of payment arranged.

Household Suggestions

Home Conveniences

Prepared for The Western Home Monthly by Luella M. Scovill, Home Economics Department of the University of Wisconsin.

A home convenience should save steps, save strength, or save time.

Many steps and much time and energy may be saved by having the work table and sink of the proper height and properly located. Provide a high stool on which to sit when working at the table or sink so that it will not be necessary to stand while preparing vegetables and other foods. Wood tables, covered with enameled iron or a composition top, will be more sanitary and easier to keep clean. These will serve the purpose of molding boards.

Many steps are saved by having shelves and books over the kitchen table, and drawers and a flour bin in the work table. Many utensils, as well as sugar, spices, flour, and other materials can then be kept within reach when one is working at this table. The stove should be near both table and sink. Have some of the drawers tin lined and covered for holding bread and crackers. It will then be unnecessary to carry bread to the cellar and put in a boiler after each meal. For one working in a large farm kitchen, a table or tray on rollers will save many steps in getting utensils or food from one part to another, and getting food and dishes to and from the dining room.

There are numerous small devices which make the household cleaning easier. A mop wringer which fastens to the mop pail saves time and strain; the dust pan with a handle saves stooping; the dustless duster prevents scattering of dust from one piece of furniture to another; the dustless mop lightens the daily care of a floor; a soap dish hung on the side of a pail when cleaning saves the soap by not having it soften in the water and prevents the soap being laid where it might cause a white spot on furniture or floor. A Canton flannel bag, which ties with a string over the broom, is convenient for wiping off walls and ceilings.

The greatest aid in keeping the house clean is the vacuum cleaner. It may be used on the rugs, mattresses, and upholstered furniture, or it will take up dust from the bare floor.

While good arrangement and the many small devices are necessary to make for convenience in the laundry, the greatest saving of strength comes from the use of power machinery. If power, such as water, gasoline engine, or electricity, can be used, the hardest task in the household is made easy. An open floor drain connecting with a sewer pipe will carry off waste water from tubs and washer.

A paper pad and a pencil should hang in the kitchen on which to write when any supplies need ordering.

The fireless cooker will save fuel and hours of watching food. It is especially useful when the housewife is obliged to be away from home a part of the day.

An expenditure to secure any device which conserves the time, energy, and thought of the house worker is not only economic, but is a just recognition of the value to the home of the happy, rested woman who then can live with the family as well as for it.

Removing Stains

When a garment becomes stained, wash out as soon as possible as much of the stain as can be removed with warm water. Immediate attention saves trouble in what would otherwise be a more obstinate stain.

Moistening in cold water is always the first treatment except for grass, grease, and varnish stains. After that, the following methods have been found successful with washable materials:

Fruit stains except Peach—Place the stain over a bowl and pour a stream of boiling water through. For peach stains, soak in equal parts of Javelle and warm water. Rinse thoroughly as this bleacher rots the cloth. Javelle water is so useful that the rule for making it should be given. Here it is:

Dissolve one pound of washing soda in

one quart of boiling water, and in another porcelain dish mix one-half pound of chloride of lime in two quarts of cold water. Let the second mixture stand until clear, then strain the liquid through old muslin and pour into the washing soda. Bottle and keep in a dark place. Use equal parts of Javelle and hot or cold water, and dip the goods until stain disappears. Rinse in several waters, adding ammonia to the last one (one tablespoonful to one quart of water).

Tea, coffee, chocolate, and cocoa—Use warm water, then a stream of hot water. For an old stain, use hydrogen peroxide (get at drug stores) or Javelle.

Blood—Soak in cold water, then use warm soapy water, and if necessary, hydrogen peroxide or ammonia, but only on white goods. Soaking in ten per cent salt solution may be successful if the stain is on colored material.

Scorch—Unless a very deep burn, wash and hang fabric in sunshine. Repeat until stain disappears.

Axle or auto grease—Rub butter or lard into the stain, let stand fifteen minutes, wash in the usual manner.

Grass stain—Dissolve in alcohol and then wash.

Paint or varnish—Alcohol or turpentine with perhaps some rubbing is effective. If possible, apply before the stain gets old.

Ink—(1) Repeated applications of sour milk until the spot is removed; (2) salt and lemon juice and sunshine; (3) oxalic acid, one teaspoonful to one-half cup; (4) Javelle water removes some obstinate ink stains which the above things will not. So-called ink eradicators usually has oxalic or muriatic acid in bottle No. 1 and bleaching powder of Javelle water in bottle No. 2. All of these methods, except sour milk and ammonia, are liable to remove the color of the cloth.

Ink and dyes are the hardest to take out because they are made from such a variety of substances.

The removal of stains requires care, patience, and forethought, but the reward for good effort is the restoring of many a garment to neatness and respectability.

Holiday Candies

The plain fondant described in the October number is the basis of innumerable varieties of both chocolate candies and bonbons. If the directions for making it have been followed carefully, and it has been allowed to stand at least three days before being used, it should be easy to work. The following simple recipes all call for the use of fondant. In addition to it you will need some chocolate, a few kinds of fruit and nuts, and two or three different flavoring extracts.

Coffee Creams—When you are making the fondant, use instead of water a quarter of a cupful of strong coffee, and proceed as directed for ordinary fondant.

Nut Creams—Mold into fancy shapes fondant flavored according to taste, and place a piece of walnut meat or a blanched almond on top of each piece as soon as molded.

Lemon and Orange Creams—Use in place of water in making the fondant the same amount of lemon juice or of orange juice and proceed as in making chocolate creams.

Cocanut Creams—While the fondant is hot add a small package of shredded cocanut. Stir until the mixture becomes thick and creamy. Pack in a lightly buttered pan and mark off in squares.

Fig Creams—A novelty may be made by adding to the fondant, before molding, figs chopped fine. The fig fondant may be dipped like other creams in chocolate or melted fondant as desired, or simply molded.

Chocolate Bars—Make fondant with vanilla or any flavor desired, and put a layer about three-quarters of an inch deep in a pan. Mark off in oblong bars after a day or two and dip one side in melted chocolate. A nut or piece of candied fruit may be placed on top if desired.

Making sure of Baby's Health



It is widely known that dairy milk carries germs of diseases, and so serious is the danger of infection that medical specialists repeatedly utter strong warnings. How readily young babies fall victims can well be understood.

Baby's health demands a Food free from germs.

In the 'Allenburys' Foods you have the requisite nourishment, absolutely pure, and packed in hermetically sealed tins. You prepare the Milk Foods Nos. 1 and 2 for Baby's bottle by simply adding boiled hot water.

The

Allenburys Foods

The pure germ-free, progressive dietary.

MILK FOOD No. 1 From birth to 3 months
MILK FOOD No. 2 From 3 to 6 months
MALTED FOOD No. 3 From 6 months onwards

The Allen & Hanburys Co. Limited, Toronto

75

Good Enlargements

Give you the best results from kodak film

We do only the very best work, using the best of materials, and the most skilful workmen. Poor work is dear at any price.

For \$1.00 We will make an eleven inch enlargement from your pet negative, mounted and hand retouched. No extras of any kind. Postage prepaid.

Films developed 10c a roll. Prints 2c and up.

Mission Studio

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VANCOUVER, B.C.



BRUCE'S DOMINANT SEEDS

Just as the British Fleet dominates the World's waters, so "BRUCE'S SEEDS" are the dominant ones with the planter whose living depends upon "Real Seeds."

It will be even more apparent at this time, when many seeds are in short supply, that there will be more stocks offered by unreliable and inexperienced growers than in the past, and that houses with long established reliable connections such as we possess will have an incalculable advantage.

Why take a chance, when you can buy "The Best Seeds that Grow"—BRUCE'S—for very little more than so-called "cheap" seeds?

It costs as much to plant and care for poor seeds as good ones, and you have very meagre, unsatisfactory results to show in return for your labor.

CHEAP SEEDS ARE DEAR IF YOU GET THEM FOR NOTHING.

Send for our 128 page Catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies and Garden Implements, full of valuable information, which is now ready and will be mailed FREE to all applicants.

JOHN A. BRUCE & COMPANY, LIMITED
HAMILTON Established 1850 ONTARIO

Peppermint Creams—Begin as for fondant and cook, flavoring with peppermint. Instead of pouring out to cool, stir until the mixture begins to get cloudy. Drop on the marbled cloth. Another way is to make the regular fondant, flavoring it with peppermint, and then to melt it and drop it. This makes the better peppermints as they are more creamy.

Chocolate Creams—Work into the plain fondant some vanilla extract. Cut off small pieces and mold them with the fingers into small acorn-shaped cones. Remember that dipping increases the size, so that they will not need to be as large before dipping as you wish them to be when finished. Set them on marbled cloth placed on a board or stiff piece of cardboard, so that they may be easily moved. Let them harden a few minutes, the longer the better. Melt two squares or more of chocolate in a shallow dish set in hot water, and leave the dish containing the chocolate in the hot water when dipping the balls, so that the chocolate will not harden. If one cannot get a regular bonbon dipper, a spoon and a knife can be substituted to good advantage. Drop a fondant ball into the melted chocolate, move it about until it is well covered with chocolate, slide the knife under the flat side with the right hand, and holding the spoon in the left hand to steady things, lift the chocolate cream out, and place it carefully on the marbled cloth. Either sweet chocolate or plain may be used, as desired. Do not leave the balls in the hot chocolate any longer than is necessary to give them a complete coating, as they soften easily and lose shape. Also dip only one at a time.

Various combinations of the above recipes may be made. Nuts may be molded inside of the fondant instead of being placed outside. They may be chopped and mixed into the fondant before it is molded, or they may be sprinkled on top of creams dipped in chocolate or fondant while they are still soft.

Candied fruits may be molded into the creams or placed on top in place of nuts, or chopped and mixed with the fondant before it is molded.

A GOOD CHANGE

A Change of Food Works Wonders.

Wrong food and drink cause a lot of trouble in this world. To change is first aid when a person is ill, particularly from stomach and nervous troubles. As an illustration: A lady was brought around to health again by leaving off coffee. (Tea is just as injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee) and some articles of food that did not agree with her.

She says:

"For a number of years I suffered with stomach and bowel trouble which kept getting worse until I was ill most of the time. About four years ago I left off coffee and began using Postum. My stomach and bowels improved right along, but I was so reduced in flesh and so nervous that the least thing would overcome me.

"Then I changed my food and began using Grape-Nuts in addition to Postum. I lived on these two principally for about four months. Day by day I gained in flesh and strength until the nervous trouble had disappeared. I feel that I owe my health to Postum and Grape-Nuts.

"Husband was troubled, for a long time, with occasional cramps, and slept badly. Finally I prevailed upon him to leave off coffee and take Postum. After he tried Postum for a few days he could sleep and then his cramps disappeared. He never went back to coffee." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, an, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c. and 50c. tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Plain fondant balls may be made and dipped in melted colored fondant, or colored fondant balls may be dipped in plain white fondant. To melt the fondant, place it on the stove in a shallow dish, set in another dish containing hot water. If, when it melts, it is too thick, add a few drops of hot water, being careful not to make the mixture too thin.

From these suggestions and the use of a little ingenuity, numberless varieties and shapes may be made, and it will become a fascinating occupation to fashion these home made bonbons.

Recipes

No doubt every housewife has at some time or another discovered to her dismay that the jelly with which she has been laboring "won't jell." Let her then add a pinch of powdered alum, and the result will be most gratifying.

If the books in your bookcase smell damp and moldy, put a drop or two of oil of lavender on the shelves and the disagreeable odor will disappear.

If any one growing a dark red rose will take soot and pack around the roots and cover, it will make what is called the "Black Rose." The heart of the rose will be very dark, almost black. The more soot that is fed to the roots the darker it will be.

I have found that tomato juice spilled on the table linen, or other articles, will cause rust marks to appear. To remove them use oxalic acid and about a quarter of a teaspoon to a cup of boiling water. Care must be taken not to have the solution too strong as it may burn the fabric.

The housewife should be careful to guard against metal poisoning. She should never put acid jellies or tomatoes in tin dishes to cool; always pour canned goods out of the cans as soon as opened; never mix mayonnaise in a tin dish; discard coffee pots as soon as the enamel begins to wear off.

I have found such an easy method for cleaning silver that I want to pass it on. I use the silver-clean" pan which does away with any rubbing, scrubbing or polishing. This device is simply an oblong pan with an inner, perforated pan. I put my silverware into these with water and a tablespoonful each of soda and salt. In a few moments the tarnish has disappeared as if by magic, although in this case chemistry is the wonderful agent, for the pans are composed of a certain metal which is acted upon by the salt and soda and this chemical action is what removes tarnish from the silver. Moreover it does not injure the silver in any way. I paid \$1.25 for my pan, but there are larger, and therefore, more expensive ones, on the market.

A Song of Patience

Live on, O life of mine!
Though often thou dost yearn to be at rest,
He who hath lent thee life hath thought it best
Thine to prolong till more through thee are blest;
Live on, and cease repine.

Work on, O hands of mine.
Ennobling thought that even thou canst share
A part with God in making earth more fair;
Then labor calmly on, and to complain forbear,
Fulfilling His design.

Trust on, O heart of mine!
Though dark the way and rough the angry sea,
Thy Pilot holds the helm, thy Father beckons thee:
One guides the course of every songster free,
To Him thine all resign.

Sing on, O soul of mine!
Sing songs of faith and hope and joy and cheer,
Outsound the discord grating on thine ear,
And bring celestial music, sweet and clear,
To lonelier hearts than thine.
—Martha Arnold Boughton.



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Last year there grew in certain sections, an ideal wheat for puffing. The kernels are big and hard. The flavor is delightful. The gluten runs 40 per cent.

It was offered to us, and we bought it. We bought a year's supply at extra prices, and we have it stored away.

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The extra gluten makes this wheat elastic. So the steam explosion puffs the grains to ten times normal size.

That means such Puffed Wheat as you never saw before. Big bubbles, flimsy, airy, almost phantom-like in texture. Thin, toasted tit-bits which, in eating, melt away like snow-flakes.

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We promise you a welcome surprise.

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Puffed Rice		15c

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In the Days when the Land was Young

By S. J. Wigley

"ONCE upon a time" is the proper way to begin a fairy tale, and this is what my story may seem to be.

The northern parts of our country were not always as cold and barren as they are to-day. Before the cold came, warmth-loving animals roamed about unchecked in all these regions, and fed upon the tropical plants that grew luxuriantly everywhere. This period in the world's history is known as the tertiary age, during which genial conditions prevailed nearly everywhere.

Then from some strange cause and altogether unknown reason a long period of intense cold began. Ice and snow covered the whole land and never melted till it grew to be probably a mile deep. This great ice sheet crept slowly towards the south as far as the northern state of Philadelphia, and the whole aspect of the country was changed.

The direction taken by the ice sheet as it crept slowly along, and cast its death-like pall over the face of the country, can everywhere be still distinctly traced. The rocks beneath the

It is impossible to say how long the great ice age lasted, but it was for many centuries, with probable breaks in the intensity of cold and extent of the ice field. During these periods plants and animals seem to have returned, and we find the bones of a huge elephant called the hairy mammoth, in the deposits formed at these times. The fossil ivory tusks of these extinct monsters are often found by the gold miners in the Klondike regions. Some of the islands around the North Pole are composed almost entirely of the bones of this once numerous animal.

Man is believed to have lived on the Atlantic coast during the ice age, but it is impossible to fix the exact time of his appearance. That he helped to destroy the mammoth is more than probable, for flint weapons have been found along with the bones of this animal.

The floods which took place when the ice melted were of immense volume and extent. Everything within reach was swept away by the force of water, and our great river beds, ravines and coulees were formed. It must have been a long time before the rivers shrank to anything like their present size, and for a long time the centre of North America was one great lake.

The ice age has not yet come to an end in our northlands, and for all we know, a time of renewed widespread cold may be coming in the distant future. To-day we know that the little pasque flower brightens the land around the Arctic Circle and receives as warm a welcome from the dwellers at Fort Good Hope as it does from the settlers some three thousands of miles to the south.

The Door of Yesterday

By C. D. Mathias

'Tis evening and from the west
The sun's last rays have fled;
The hosts of toil have sunk to rest:
The stars shine overhead.
A slumberous silence, dark and deep,
Has followed twilight's glow,
And angel hosts their vigil keep
And guard the earth below.

And I a lonely vigil keep,
With sleep defying eye;
While all mankind are sunk in sleep,
I dream of days gone by.
The dismal wind sweeps from the skies
And howls o'er hill and dell,
Yet heed I not its gloomy sighs,
For in the past I dwell.

I know that by the brooklet's brink
Are blooming violets blue,
And when I think of them,
The passing years seem few.
I think of many a scene gone by,
When life was in its spring,
And through the brooklet's bordering
trees
The winds were whispering.

Ere Cynic lore assumed its sway,
With many a skeptic doubt,
And locked the Door of Yesterday
To shut me always out.
And now how vain the strong desire
The old-time trails to tread;
To seize upon the poet's lyre
And sing of years now dead!

To mend the errors of the past,
Make straight the tangled skein
And wear the flowers I thoughtless
cast
Aside, but all in vain.
Bolted and bound with iron bands,
The Door of Yesterday
Seems guarded by an angel's hands,
Which beckon me away.

Yet many a silent, sleepless night,
I sit with aching eye;
And watch the host of heaven grow
bright
In the cold and cloudless sky;
And always at such times as these,
The Present drifts away,
And I dream I walk beneath the trees,
In the Land of Yesterday.



Irish Baritone Organizing a Canadian Regiment of Irishmen

Edmund Burke, the Irish baritone is forming an Irish volunteer regiment of those in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces quartered at Ottawa awaiting further orders. Major Burke is a pupil of the Dossart family of Paris, now at Carnegie Hall, N.Y. For St. Patrick's Day he is arranging a big benefit performance for the Red Cross at Ottawa under patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Burke is a graduate of McGill University with a degree of Bachelor of Law.

loose soil, which was dragged or driven along, are scratched and scraped as if with sharp knives, or rounded smooth by the long continued rubbing.

The name of "drift" has been given to the gravels, clays, sands and masses of rock which were brought down by the ice and spread over the valleys and lowlands of the world.

This drift soil was not laid down in regular layers, as other deposits were, and masses of rock were often driven right across a country by the force of the ice streams. Huge boulders have been found thousands of miles away from their original home. Such masses of rock are called "erratic" or wandering blocks. On all our prairies these rocks are to be found, all sorts and sizes, but all smooth and made more or less round as the ice pushed them along, grinding and crushing each other.

Some of the largest of these rocks are polished like glass, and have a deep trench around them. This extra polish is due to the rubbing given them by buffaloes, long after the ice had gone. The trench was formed by their trampling feet as they rubbed off the cakes of mud and sand obtained in their wallows.

The Influence of Consul Taylor

By Isaac Cowie

OUR American cousins often give us valuable information on matters of common interest. One of the latest instances is found in an admirable biographical sketch contained in the Minnesota Historical Society's quarterly bulletin for November last, of the late United States Consul Taylor, who for over twenty years, 1870-93, so wisely and so well represented his country in Winnipeg. Mr. Taylor was much more than a routine official. He was an international asset, who by life-long study of the natural resources of the British Northwest and the means of developing them, rendered by brilliant pen and eloquent tongue greater service to the Canadian West than any other single individual. In this he conscientiously acted as loyally to the United States, whose interests in the Northwest he believed to be indissolubly bound up with those of Canada.

Newspapers Lead the Vanguard.

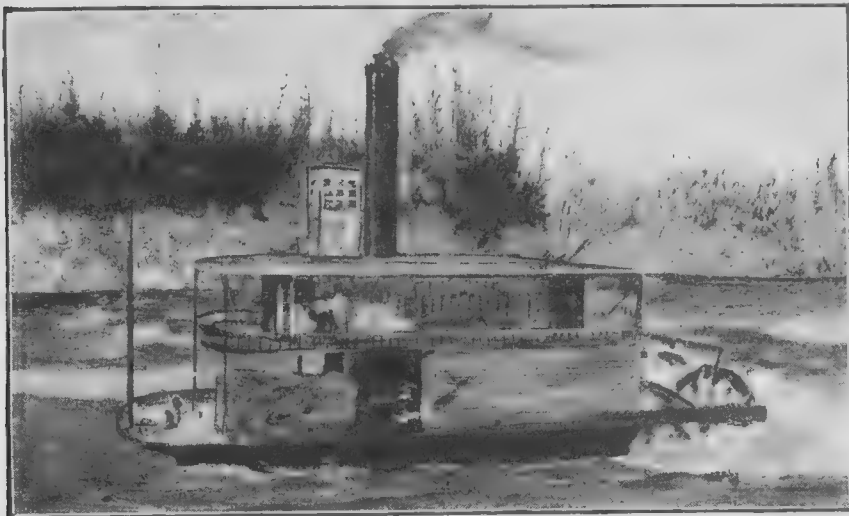
While a qualified lawyer, Mr. Taylor devoted his talents more to journalism, the study of the resources of the West and the means to be used for their development. The sketch points out that "The making of the Northwest was a task that demanded men of action—builders, drivers, executives. Yet almost of equal importance was the work of writers and investigators. It is recorded of American newspaper editors that in the Western Movement they were al-



Consul Taylor.

gation, which he argued would give the United States all the commercial advantages, without the political embarrassments, of annexation.

In view of the beginning of steamboat communication (by the launching of the "Anson Northup" on the Red



The now antique, then up-to-date steamboat, "Anson Northup," the first result of the efforts with which Taylor was identified, to improve transportation between St. Paul and Fort Garry, of which a picture is given herewith, was at that time as great an advance on the Red River cart as is at present the railway train an improvement on that pioneer of the Red River. And the development from the primitive Red River Settlement to the modern prairie province has been in every other respect as immense. Railways which Taylor advocated, have been the keys which have unlocked the natural treasures of the Northwest.

ways in the vanguard, setting up their presses and issuing their sheets before the forests had been cleared or the sod turned. One can hardly overestimate the influence of the far-seeing pioneers who labored with the pen to advance the interests of the Northwest. The career of James W. Taylor illustrates strikingly the importance of that phase of "empire-building." Taylor, looking back on the amazing growth and development might well have said, "All this I have seen; part of it I am."

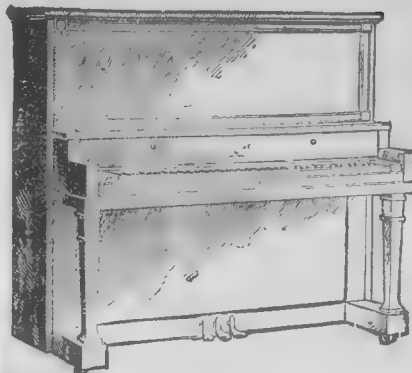
Annexation?

The selections made from the Minnesota History Bulletin, which now follow, throw important and some new light upon the history of Manitoba and will be appreciated, especially by old timers and the American new-comers, who have come to develop the resources so well described by the great American who is the subject of this article.

"On June 18, 1859, Governor Sibley of Minnesota requested Mr. Taylor, in the course of a visit to the Selkirk Settlement, to obtain information relative to the British possessions on the line of the Overland Route from Pembina via the Red River Settlement and the Saskatchewan Valley to Frazer's River" (where gold had recently been discovered) for presentation to the legislature. In this report he took occasion to strongly urge a policy of reciprocity, free trade and free navi-

gation, which he argued would give the United States all the commercial advantages, without the political embarrassments, of annexation. In view of the beginning of steamboat communication (by the launching of the "Anson Northup" on the Red River, plying to Fort Garry in 1859) and the passage of many Americans across the border on the way to the mines of the Frazer River, as well as to watch events of possible interest to the United States which might occur "under the anomalous relations of the Hudson's Bay Company to the vast country between Lake Winnipeg and the Mountains." Mr. Taylor was appointed special agent of the U. S. treasury department, and proceeded to the Red River Settlement. Although he retained the appointment until 1869, his activity during latter portion of the period was transferred to Washington, during which he advocated the continuation and extension of the reciprocity treaty with Canada to all the British North American possessions.

His report on "Relations between the United States and the Northwest British America" was published by order of Congress in 1862. In December previously he had, in a dispatch to his department, dealt with the "dissatisfaction of the Assinibolians (Red River Settlers) with British inadequacy." In his opinion "The Americanization of this important section of British America is rapidly progressing. Unless the British Parliament acts promptly I shall confidently expect a popular movement looking to independence or annexation to the United States." Relations between Britain and the United States were strained and it seemed that "war



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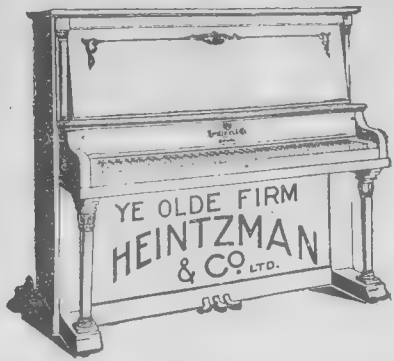
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might not be avoided, a prospect which led Taylor to declare to the department the competence of Minnesota to take, hold, occupy and possess the Red River to Lake Winnipeg." Yet in the same communication he wrote of the identity in material interests between Minnesota and the British territory to the northwest, and to the advancement of these interests he did not deem annexation essential. But "by treaty stipulations and concurrent legislation it seemed possible to work out the mutual destiny of the American States and the British provinces to the northwest."

The sketch, after giving an account of Mr. Taylor's general advocacy of reciprocity and the part he took in the great commercial convention at Detroit in July, 1865, which was attended by delegates from the British Provinces, relates Taylor's famous proposal for a Union of the United States and British America. This proposal was formulated as a Bill entitled—"An Act for the admission of the States of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Canada East, and Canada West, and for the organization of the Territories of Selkirk, Saskatchewan and Columbia." Therein provision was made for the immediate construction of an international transcontinental railway and the improvement of waterways, and for the payment by the United States of \$10,000,000 to the Hudson's Bay Company "in full discharge of all claims to territory or jurisdiction in North America." The Bill was submitted to the House of Representatives by General N. P. Banks, chairman of the committee upon foreign relations; but

authority having no sympathy with their wants or wishes. On the other hand they know Americans as their neighbors and friends, as their co-workers and customers, with whom they are identified in all that relates to the future of the Northwest."

On December 8, 1869, the Senate of the United States requested President Grant information "relating to the presence of Hon. William Macdougall at Pembina, in Dakota Territory, and the opposition by the inhabitants of Selkirk Settlement to his assumption of the office of Governor of the Northwest Territory." On February 2, 1870 this request was complied with in a message the main part of which was a comprehensive letter dated January 20, from Mr. Taylor, with a large number of relative documents enclosed. The Senate Executive Documents, No. 33, 41 Congress, 2 Session, are an exceedingly valuable source of information on the Red River Rebellion, though Taylor's communications after January 20, 1870, have never been published. The above show the official attitude at Washington at the time. In this connection, in 1885, at the time of the second Riel Rebellion Consul Taylor wrote the state department at Washington that he was at Ottawa when a pledge of unqualified amnesty, distinctly including Riel, was made to the Red River delegates and to Archbishop Tache.

United States Consul at Winnipeg, 1870-93

In September, 1870, he was appointed U. S. Consul at Winnipeg. Besides his long service in connection with north-



Fort Pembina, which was raided by Fenians in 1871.

because of the demonstrations against it in Canada its consideration was not pressed.

The Riel Rebellion

In the latter part of 1869 Mr. Taylor was appointed as a secret agent of the state department at Washington to watch and report on the "Riel Rebellion." A declaration of the "New York Times" at this time is of interest:—"A mistake will be committed if, in considering the causes and scope of the insurrection, some allowance be not made for the variety and strength of the American influences which have long been in operation in the Red River region. Separated from Canada by a vast wilderness of rock and swamp, the inhabitants of the Territory have no communication with the outer world save through the United States. They have been accustomed to carry their products to St. Paul for sale, and have derived thence their supplies. The country was all but inaccessible until Minnesota enterprise established the means of communication. Minnesota gave them stage coaches and a steamboat, with their attendant mail and commercial facilities; and the marvelous progress of the Minnesota railroad system holds out to them prospects of cheap and rapid intercourse with the market on which they mainly depend. All these powerful agencies are Americanizing the people. They know Canada as a far-off country which has never done anything for their benefit, and which proposes to make a purchase of the Hudson's Bay Company's possessions a pretext for inflicting upon them an

western affairs, he was identified with railway interests, his services to which were financially acknowledged by Jay Cooke. "Later, as an inducement to retain the consulate, he was paid an allowance by the Red River Navigation Company; and when the railway superseded steamboat navigation this allowance was continued by the Canadian Pacific Railway."

On November 24, 1870, he wrote to General Banks from Winnipeg:—"I have accepted the Winnipeg Consulate, believing that I can advance the Annexation policy with which you are identified more effectively here than elsewhere." To this Banks replied on December 17:—"I shall be glad to renew the proposition for the admission of the British Provinces to the Union, which you propose, and do not doubt that it may produce a good effect upon the public mind, both in the Provinces and in this country." In letters to W. K. Rogers, 1877, and even as late as April, 1885, to H. H. Sibley and H. B. Payne, "Taylor still clung to his belief in the practicability of a union between the United States and Canada."

During the first part of his consulate, in addition to the usual duties, he was in communication with the Northern Pacific Railway and Governor Archibald of Manitoba, who suggested its deflection through British Territory, and who was also interested in the subject of an international railway from Montreal, via Sault Ste. Marie and Duluth to Manitoba and the Saskatchewan River. He continued his researches into the resources of the Northwest, and pub-



VOTE FOR US, MARCH 13th

lished the results, generally in the form of newspaper articles, from time to time to the close of his career. The complete series of his consular reports constitutes a valuable summary of the development of Manitoba during his consulate. He identified himself with the business and social life of the country, and as a public speaker was the "big gun" of every gathering.

Among the many good offices rendered by Consul Taylor to Manitoba and the Northwest, those at the time of the Fenian Raid of 1871 and the Saskatchewan Rebellion are of considerable significance. On learning in September, 1871, that the raid from the states was being planned he at once informed the Manitoba Government and it was arranged that American troops might be sent across the boundary in suppressing the movement. Accordingly Colonel Lloyd Wheaton of the 20th U. S. Infantry, at Fort Pembina, was able to inform Mr. Taylor, on 5th October:—"I have captured and now hold 'General' J. O'Neill, 'General' Thomas Curley and 'Colonel' J. J. Donnelly. I think further anxiety regarding a Fenian invasion of Manitoba unnecessary." On this occasion the American Government moreover, gave permission to move British troops through their territory if necessary.

Again, during the Saskatchewan Rebellion of 1885, Consul Taylor induced his government to place the international frontier from Pembina to the Rocky Mountains under surveillance of a mounted patrol, involving a large ex-

Montreal Herald said—"Time has shown that the predictions of Consul Taylor have been singularly correct, and his enthusiasm and disinterestedness give great weight to, and command serious attention for, his opinions."

Great as have been the material advantages, especially in the way of communication with the outer world, provided by our friendly neighboring states, the American people have conferred no greater benefits to the Canadian West than in the far-seeing services rendered by their great and gifted Consul. He was given to see many of what had been sneered at as his wildest predictions fulfilled and we have witnessed, and may yet see the fulfilment of others.

His death on 28th April, 1893, called forth eulogistic notices in the press of both nations, united in a common sorrow. The St. Paul Pioneer Free Press thus summarized his character:—

"He had the qualities which would have rendered him conspicuously successful in politics, law or any career he had chosen, if he had not lacked the stimulus of ambition. Of this he was so utterly destitute that he was more content with small employments which gratified his fondness for research and literary activity, while withdrawing him from the harsh strifes and bitter struggles of parties and the greedy competitions of business ambition. The fine unselfishness of his nature and broad generosity of his spirit are revealed in almost all the records of his activity, but more especially in his letters."



Riel at exercise in prison yard at Regina, 1885.

penditure, but effectual for the repression of any hostile movement in aid of the insurgents. The whole of that rebellion was the subject of many reports by him to Washington. After his capture Riel applied to Consul Taylor for intervention on the plea of having become an American citizen in 1883. Riel's later petition to President Cleveland is published in the Senate Executive Documents, and a copy, handed the Manitoba Free Press, by the consul after Riel's trial and execution was published therein in December, 1885. It asks for protection and requests "that the international line be blotted out from Lake Superior to the Pacific, and that the Hon. James W. Taylor, U. S. Consul at Winnipeg, be appointed Governor-General of these vast territories" and that he, Louis Riel, be made "first minister and secretary of the Northwest under the Hon. James W. Taylor."

The attitude of the U. S. Government, however, was that Riel's American citizenship did not give him immunity for offences committed by him wholly within British jurisdiction.

Taylor's interest in railway expansion continued during his later years. He had almost reached the limit of man's allotted span when, in 1889, he lectured on a proposal to construct a railway to Norton's Sound on Bering Strait, through British Columbia and Alaska, contemporaneously with the extension of the Russia-Siberian line, and a traverse of the straits by ferry or tunnel of 30 miles. This "Great Scheme" as it was called was commented on extensively by the press of the United States and Canada. The

Family and Appearance.

"James Wickes Taylor was born on 6th November, 1819, in Starkey, Yates County, New York. His father, James Taylor, was the son of an Englishman, who had served in the army of Burgoyne; and (his mother was) Ruth Chappel, a native of Connecticut." James Taylor was a lawyer. He married Maria Wickes, daughter of Captain Silas Wickes, one of the first settlers of Steuben County, New York, and of their five children James Wickes Taylor was the eldest. In 1847 J. W. Taylor married Chloe Sweeting Langford, a sister of Nathaniel P. Langford of St. Paul, Minnesota, and well known there. She died in 1882, being predeceased by her daughters Harriet, in 1880, and Alice (Mrs. Charles L. Monfort) in 1887, and survived by her other two children, Mrs. Charles L. Alden, of Troy, New York, and Miss Elizabeth who was studying art in Paris.

Physically he was of short stature but of robust build. The oil painting, prominently placed in the City Hall of Winnipeg, in honor of his memory, was done in his later years. It shows "with gray hair, a smooth-shaven face, blue eyes, a broad intellectual forehead, fine features—with a kindly, attractive, powerful face." Underneath the portrait "hangs a basket for the reception of the wild flowers he loved so well, and which he delighted to pick in the spring to present to grateful friends, and to decorate the graves of those who had gone before."

*Note—In 1864 the estimated imports from the U.S. for the Hudson Bay's Company and settlers were a half million and their exports not less than one million dollars annually.



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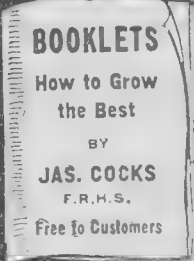
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RELIABLE ADVERTISERS are the only ones whose business is solicited for these columns.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Young Woman—Your King and Country Need You

On the streets we see oblong sheets stretched from building to post on which are printed in large letters: "Young man—Your King and Country need you." Headlines in papers and magazines call the attention of the public to the same appeal. It is the most familiar message of the day.

I see another notice written on the heart of our country. It is this: "Young woman—Your King and Country need you!"

When men respond to their country's call they are examined for physical fitness. If they are "physically fit," they are accepted and immediately

begin to train for more strength. A splendid mental and moral sense of duty is evidenced by their decision to enlist.

If the young woman responds to her country's call—the question is: "Is she morally fit?" For the call I mean is the call to moral duty. Is she morally fit? Young woman—what is your moral measure?

Are your moral muscles developed?

Is your spiritual height up to the requirement?

What is your weight in womanly power?

Is your mind diseased or healthy?

Is your "heart" sound?

Can you measure up to the standard

of purity and honesty that your king and country need?

If not, why?

Our king and country need women today that will inspire men with patriotic cleanliness. History records sections in the Balkan countries where women are regarded with such sacred respect that they are perfectly safe to travel anywhere in their country. Women stand up and blame men for all the evil that exists. I do not. Men admire womanly purity and respect it more than anything else in this big world. From the time that King Solomon in the midst of revelry and dissipation acknowledged to the little Shulamite maiden that her sincerity and purity had overpowered him, on through to the present time, history has proven that the greatest conquering power over men is womanly purity and sincerity. Most women are attractive in one way or the other. Michal and

Abigail both loved David. Michal was dangerously attractive and Abigail was savingly attractive—Abigail's strength of womanhood won David's admiration in the end. Madame de Maintenon and Mme. de Montespan both sought the admiration of Louis XIV. of France.

Madame de Maintenon rose to her magnificent position by pure merit—her graces her virtues and her abilities won his respect.

Maintenon was the opposite of Montespan. She directed the king's attention to a new field of thought. She won by mental and spiritual charm. Montespan tried to hold his admiration by her sensual charms alone.

Maintenon talked of literature, art and religious subjects—Montespan of balls, the glories of the court and scandals. Maintenon reminded him of his duties—Montespan of pleasures.

Maintenon always appealed to his higher nature—Montespan to the lower.

Maintenon was calm, modest, self-possessed, judicious, wise. Montespan was extravagant and unreasonable.

Maintenon was irreproachable in her morals, preserved her self-respect and tolerated no improper advance.

Montespan cared little for moral honor.

Maintenon, because of her clean, pure influence became more attractive every day. Montespan at last became disgusting to the king and Maintenon, by superior radiance of mind and soul, won out and thus became a powerful influence on the political destinies of France, for she was the life of the French monarch for more than thirty years.

Scott makes a most striking illustration of the power of maidenly purity in the midst of a crowd of drunken debauched soldiers—a picture in the Lady of the Lake.

The leader of the gang was moved to profound reverence when he saw Ellen and addressed his mates thus:

"Hear ye, my mates; I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall;
There lies my halberd on the floor,
And he that steps my halberd o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart;
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough,
Ye all know John de Brent enough."

And we all know what a soldier said of Florence Nightingale: "Before she came in there was much swearing and cursing and when she went out of the room the place was like a church."

Our best soldiers are guided by faith. They go forth with the song of faith in their breast, else how could they face such tremendous difficulties with such courage.

Let everything which our eyes see or our hands handle be made a lesson in character building. Creation and Christianity have one God. In Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—the gospels—we see the harmony of the natural with the spiritual. The scenes upon which the eye daily rests were all connected with some spiritual truth, so that all Nature is clothed with parables of the Master. The beauty of Nature leads the soul from sin toward purity and peace.

In every line of useful labor and every association of life, the uplifting power of faith will run like a thread of gold through all our homely cares and make our work more efficient.

The difference between the girl who fails and the one who succeeds is the difference in their faith.

The electric light bulb will not give light without the power of the current. Turn the button and you have light.

So in your lives—turn on the button for the power of faith and your life will be full of light.

We are given talents; the power of the mind—we form character through fierce battles with self.

"Life has fearful battles for all—
Up with the bugles and back to the wall!

Faith guides the struggle and heroes are best.

Who go with a song of faith in their breast."

Present conditions produce a certain restlessness that we need watch. Little incidents annoy one more than when the world was at peace and it requires a level head to move along undisturbed. A kind of uncertainty about everything tends to make one irresponsible. We need adjust ourselves to a vision of faith.

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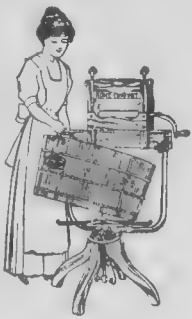
A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

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One firm bought ten dictaphones lately because the manager said he could not depend on his stenographers as in other years. Another put in four for the same reason. Why this lack of concentration and responsibility among young women? Our country needs more than ever before young women of strength and determination.

Turn over the pages of history. Ruth sweetened the atmosphere of Bethlehem, Deborah strengthened the history of Israel, Abigail led David on to heroic action, the Queen of Sheba created a popular desire for wisdom. The Shulamite maiden hallowed the king's court by her example of sincere, pure love and a little captive maid converted a heathen people to the knowledge of God. From those times on up to the present the influence of purity has cleansed the atmosphere of history.

Do you measure up to the standard of womanly strength that your king and country need?

Are you wearing the uniform of faith and prayer—the uniform our king and country need—and uniform of the King of Kings?

Can there be patriotism without purity?

Two Girls

I know two girls—one is always complaining—the other is always happy.

"There was a girl who always said

Her fate was very hard;

From everything she wanted most,

She always was debarred.

There always was a cloudy spot

Somewhere within her sky,

Nothing was ever quite just right,

She used to say and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,

Whose lot was quite the same,

Found something pleasant for herself,

In every day that came.

Of course, things tangled up sometimes,

For just a little while;

But nothing ever stayed all wrong,

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled.

Through all their lives together,

It didn't come from luck or fate,

From clear or cloudy weather,

For reason lay within their hearts,

And colored all outside.

One chose to hope, and one to mope,

And so they smiled and sighed.

Why?

At a recent meeting of the Local Council of Women in Winnipeg, the women expressed interest in the girl problem and formed a committee of investigation to determine the cause of so much tragedy in the lives of our girls. Considerable agitation has been going on all winter concerning the downfall of young girls, and various plans have been discussed for the suppression of "easy living."

As a matter of fact I am not convinced that there is any more immorality this year than in other years. Women have become more interested in girls this winter and their attention is directed to conditions that have existed for years.

If women would cause a reformation along this line, they must go deeper than the surface of things. The girl is easiest prey to temptation when she loses her position. Why could not a committee of women keep in touch with stores, offices and factories and find out the names of girls who are to be discharged from their positions? Then those girls could be found and kept in touch with until they were again in safe employment. There are times when a large number are dismissed from work and women on hand at these times would save many a girl from moral destruction. A careful eye on the girls at the different employment bureaus would save many. This committee could inform women interested in girls who need friends.

As I have often stated—the greatest need of every wage-earning girl is a friend. Her hunger for friendship is what proves her downfall, for she trusts the false pretender of friendship, who is more often a woman than a man.

A Big Sister movement would be the greatest possible power for reformation along this line. Let every woman who is honestly interested in girls become a friend to one girl. The stores, offices and factories, as well as other places where girls are employed, have scores of splendid girls who would appreciate this attention—for there are many lonely aching hearts among them.

In Victoria, B.C., the King's Daughters have rented a hall and furnished it cosily for girls to use during their lunch hours. A fee of a quarter for eight tickets is charged. Each ticket entitles a girl to a pot of tea. Women who belong to the King's Daughters are in the rooms from twelve to two every day. In this way they become friends to the girls. This is proving a great success in Victoria. A few places like this are very much needed in Winnipeg.

I think of another cause of downfall, which is very serious, and that is the married woman in business. The girls of our club resent this most bitterly. I do not refer to the woman who is compelled to work to support her family, but I mean the woman whose husband is earning a good salary. Go through the stores, offices and other places where women are employed and you will find a large number of married women, many of whom are mothers. These women are responsible for three serious crimes to society. First, they crowd wage-earning girls who are alone in the world out of positions. I know a girl who had engaged to work for fifty dollars a month as stenographer. The next morning she came to me discouraged because a married woman had offered to work for forty dollars a month and had secured the position. A married woman can afford to work for less because she has a husband to help support her. Second, a married woman in business must sacrifice home interests and her children if she has any. This month, a woman whose husband earns two hundred dollars a month, hired a woman to take care of her little girl while she goes out to business. Third, the woman sacrifices a family; a nation's greatest need is mothers.

Employers are not all to blame for hiring married women, as many applicants give in their name as "Miss" because there is really reluctance on the part of employers to hire married women.

Back of everything is the home-life. To that can be traced the causes of most crime. We must get back to home-making if we would remedy the existing evils.

I have on my desk two packages of letters from girls. The first is a collection from girls who have made a success of their lives. In every case they emphasize the value of a good mother's training in shaping their destiny.

The other is a collection from girls who have failed. In every case the reference to poor mothering—lack of a mother's sympathy—or no mother at all, is emphasized. A young girl of my knowledge erred this winter. What did her mother do? She went to the institution where the girl was sheltered and when the girl was brought to her, she said in icy coldness: "I've burned your clothes and I've come to tell you that you no longer belong to me." I say a mother who could tell a seventeen-year-old daughter that is herself to blame for her daughter's wrecked life.

I cannot understand how a mother can be a home-maker and be away from home most of the time. I know of another mother of two children. She was at business all week and on Sunday sent the children out with the maid so she could rest or entertain company. The maid told me she could not have the heart to leave for she felt so sorry for the children. Another mother of two small children has been at home six afternoons since October—and these are only a few illustrations from many. There have always been temptations in the world and always will be. The question in my mind is—what is the matter with the present day mothering?

The St. Paul "Daddy and poor Georgie" was a very pathetic story, I admit, but is it any more pathetic than the little Winnipeg girl whose mother leaves her five afternoons out of seven to play bridge or join the "pink tea" brigade? Georgie's daddy was not away from his boy much longer than many of our mothers are away from their children. A very bitter attack on married men was made at this meeting. If such be true, then it is the strongest proof possible that better home-making is needed. The most important word in the world's vocabulary is "Mother."

Kerosene in the boiling whitens clothes safely, especially such as are yellow from being stored away.



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The Young Man and His Problem

By J. L. Gordon

MUSIC

There is a saving quality in music. Its divine notes are written on the invisible tablets of memory, and even if forgotten it comes to life again in the supreme moments of life. Have a place for music in your life. Have a piano in your parlor. Have a phonograph in your sitting room. Have a music box near your couch. Let music be the inheritance of your children. There was a Scotch soldier dying in New Orleans, and a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow and said, "Don't talk to me about religion." Then the minister began to sing a familiar hymn that was composed by David Dickenson, beginning with the words:

Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?

He sang it to the tune of Dundee, and everybody in Scotland knows that; and, as he began to sing, the dying soldier turned over on his pillow and said to the minister, "Where did you learn that?" "Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that." "So did mine," said the dying soldier; and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ.

THE STRENGTH OF YOUTH

Youth is the time of strength. The champion of the world will not "hold the belt" after he is forty. A citizen may not enlist for the war after he is fifty. Few men are welcomed into the modern pulpit after forty-five—the demand is for young brains—although Dr. Talmage said that he accomplished his best work after he was fifty. But youth is the time for severe labor. Sir Robinson Nicol says:—"Dr. Holmes saw more clearly at eighty the effects of the kindly anodyne of Nature telling more and more with every year. Our old doctors used to give an opiate which they called the black drop. It was stronger than laudanum, and in fact, a dangerously powerful narcotic. Something like this is that potent drug in Nature's pharmacopœia, which she reserves for the time of need—the later stages of life. She commonly begins administering it about the time of the grand climacteric, the ninth septennial period, the sixty-third year. More and more freely she gives it, as the years go on, to her grey-haired children, until, if they last long enough, every faculty is benumbed, and they drop off quietly off into sleep under its benign influence."

DEEDS—NOT WORDS

Words are beautiful, but words are never so fascinating as when they are matched by deeds. "Handsome is that handsome does." And deeds are living monuments which stand when the spoken word has faded away from memory. Get into the way of doing things. Make a reputation for being better than your word. Deal in fulfillment rather than prophecy. Be a man of action. "That is my speech! That is my speech!" said the sculptor Story, each time touching his statue of George Peabody, at whose unveiling in London he was asked to make an address.

MEANNESS

There are a lot of mean people in the world. You will find them in every profession. They are mean: incurably and constitutionally mean. They are so mean that they create and live in an atmosphere of meanness. They are the folks who set the business world on edge, and arraign the poor against the rich, and the laborer against the capitalist. Some time ago a prominent London publisher was boasting to a friend that he had had in his employ for years a man to whom he was paying only three pounds a week, but whose market value was, at least, ten pounds. "Then why do you not pay him what he is worth?" asked his friend. "Because I don't have to; I don't do business that way," was the reply; "the poor devil has a wife and a big family, and he is afraid of being discharged if he does not keep quiet."

PROVIDENCE

Nothing will bring you so much solid satisfaction as the idea wrapped up in that word: "Providence." We are all in the good care and keeping of a Great Providence. To believe that will bring you joy, confidence and repose. No evil can befall us, and everything which is called "evil" is but good in disguise. The old fashioned folks of a past generation were living near the heart of things when they believed in "An over-ruling Providence." John Knox, the celebrated Scotch Reformer, had many surprising escapes from the malicious designs of his enemies. He was accustomed to sit at the head of the table in his own house with his back to the window; on one particular evening, however, he would neither himself sit in his chair, nor allow any one else to do so. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair on which he usually sat, and made a hole in the foot of the candlestick.

NERVE

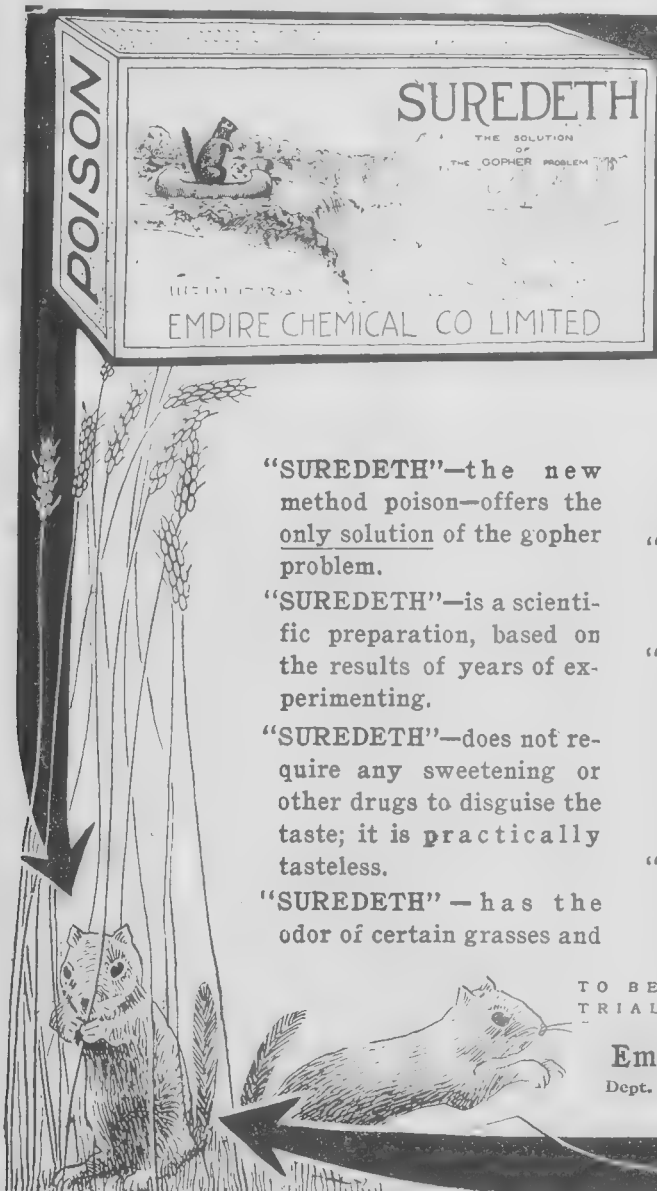
Some things require "nerve." To go on in sorrow, to persist in spite of failure, to persevere in spite of loneliness, to conquer in spite of criticism—remember the greatest sign of genius is persistence. Dr. Fairbairn loved to tell his students a fine story of Dr. Dale. The source of it, I believe, was Prof. Dale. The son said: "I never admired my father more than when I heard him preach the Sunday before my sister died. On the Sunday we knew there was no hope, but father preached in the chapel, and never by word or look or tone would the stranger have known what was upon his heart."

FUNERALS

Funerals are always largely attended. The man who would not lend you ten dollars when you were alive, will be on hand to look solemn and sad when you are dead. It is a cheap kind of way of atoning for past failures and omissions. Your presence at a good man's funeral costs you but a car ticket, and is from a business point of view, a good "ad." The newspaper will mention the fact that you, among others, were "there." But, friend, can't you do anything better for a man than simply attend his funeral? Try and be practical in your goodness, charity and love. Two sisters, actresses, committed suicide in London some time since, because of abject poverty. At the funeral there were seventy wreaths, any one of which cost enough to have relieved their wants for weeks, according to the cabled report of the obsequies.

TENDER HEARTED

Be tender hearted. Lean to the side of your emotions. Never be ashamed of genuine tears. Don't wear your heart on your sleeve, but do not hide your love. It is not weakness on your part to be tender, sympathetic, and genuinely emotional. Says Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, the great divine of a past generation: "Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Baconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity."



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The Wonders of the Gulf of Georgia

By Bonnycastle Dale

THE first glimpse we got of "sunshine land" was from our car window as we wound down about a mountain side—a little fiord, a land-encompassed arm of the sea, set about with fir and cedar-clad hills, just a vein of glittering silver in the forest primeval—later, camped on a "kitchen-midden"—a shoreline composed of shells thrown from other campers' hands ere Columbus crossed the Western sea. Fritz, my assistant soliloquized—as he dug into the great white heap. "First the trail of the white man! now shells! shells! shells! now a bone—whew! here is something"—and he held up a jade green spear-head. "Shells, shells, ever more shells! mussel and cockle and clam, oyster and periwinkle and limpet, and say! what's this?"—and he lifted out a bone arrow head. He had dug down some ten feet right through the Iron age, the Stone age and into the weapons of the Bone Age. "Here comes the present bone age," laughed the merry lad, as O'poots, our expected guide, crushed his way over the yielding, sliding shells.

"Kla-how-ya," he greeted us ("Good-morning," in the coast jargon).

"Kah-ta mika," I answered, this means "how are you."

"Nin dowh dwahnauj aneesh," saluted Fritz—he always airs his languages, most unfortunately the tribe that understood Ojibway was now some three thousand miles nearer the rising sun, no wonder the Kwakiutl said, in fair English—"What did the youngster say?" (I heard Fritz grumble—"Youngster! I am taller than he is and I will be sixteen next March." As this was April he was banking ahead quite a bit.

When the tide served, early the next morning, we passed the Kwakiutl village on the ebb, our big highprowed twenty-five foot canoes bounding along in the current—these excellent craft are made from a single cedar log, hewed and gouged out with rude tools, and finished to the inch-thick stage with white hot stones, then the big handle-like bow is fastened on with great wooden spikes, the rude thwarts inserted and the craft is ready for even "the outside passage,"—these squat fishing Indians go hundreds of miles out of sight of land and sleep in these rude, but safe, canoes.

Fritz and O'poots were in the leading one and my voluble L'askit was in the stern of mine. We headed right out from behind the spit that sheltered the little harbor—right into the sea kicked up by the Western "trade."

"Mamock is-ick," I heard O'poots call, and Fritz and he threw their craft head on to the sea (he told the lad to "paddle hard") unfortunately, in his enthusiastic response, he kept right on paddling hard and put her head about and they coasted down a sea in a veritable Niagara of foamy crest. We rode in the trough and finally had to coast too—you know how it feels when the swing is just starting to fall back, well here was a swing that came all the way across the Pacific Ocean, yet we rode it safely for six miles—I admit I did not want to look back at what they had saved up for us and piled up behind us, in front completely filled my scene.

We ran over to San Juan Island for our first camp. I stood upon the "dead line" here a little over a half century ago U. S. and British troops camped on either side of this line in disputed territory, until finally the German Emperor arbitrated that it belonged to the Stars and Stripes—as an old regular told me, "If any mon had thrun a tater it was a fight sure."

We were fortunate enough to capture a nighthawk here, so our natural history work began. Fritz was walking over some flat limestone rocks along a bed of black earth that filled the crack, when swish! right into his arms swept a big dark bird. He had walked right up to its nest amid the rock crop and dwarf cactus and had leaned over—there was no escape for the sun-blinded beauty save towards the shadow, this

(Continued on page 25)



The After-Cost

WHEN you buy an automobile, you expect to use it not only this year and next year, but for four or five, or six years, or even longer. So, while the first cost is always important, it is not nearly as important as the after-cost.

This question of operating expense is one that some people overlook but it is the operating expense that makes a car either a good investment, a health and pleasure giving investment—or a burdensome annoyance and financial drag.

The World's Motor Non-Stop Mileage Record, established last January by a Maxwell stock touring car, offers some interesting facts. Not claims or beliefs or opinions, but **facts**—facts that are supported and vouched for by the highest tribunal of the automobile industry.

In the first place, the record breaking Maxwell car ran over town and country roads for 44 consecutive days and nights, averaging more than 500 miles per day. During this time—1,056 hours—the engine never stopped and the car stopped only long enough to take on gasoline, oil, water and a fresh driver. The ability of any car to run 22,000 miles in 44 days without stop-

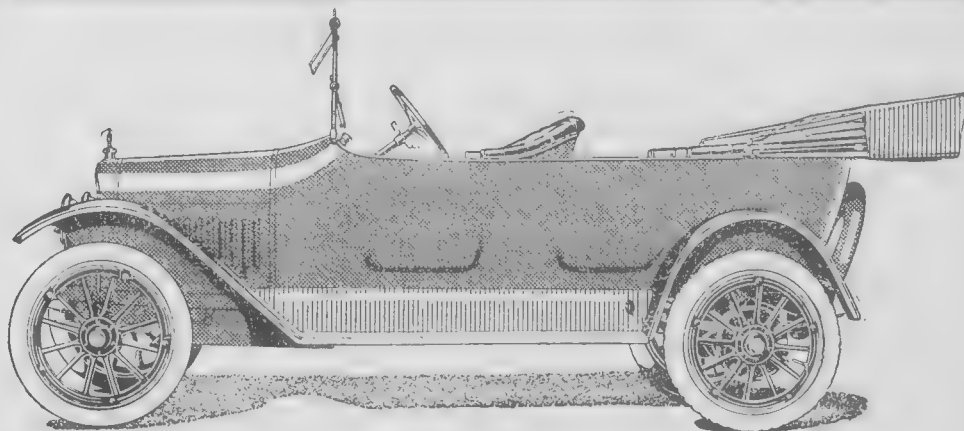
ping the engine is conclusive proof of its genuine merit and quality throughout.

But this is not all. Not only did the Maxwell prove its sturdiness, its wonderful endurance powers, but it established an average gasoline consumption of nearly 27 miles to the gallon. This is truly remarkable in view of the fact that this was primarily a Motor Non-Stop Endurance test and that no effort could be made to save fuel at the risk of stopping the engine.

In addition, the champion Maxwell stock car used only one gallon of oil to every 475 miles of its journey, and it went the whole distance of 22,000 miles on two and one-half sets of tires. We have never heard of anything that could compare, in the smallest degree, with these figures, the accuracy of which is officially and indisputably established.

Every Maxwell touring car that goes out to you from Windsor is an exact duplicate of this car. The price of \$850.00 is made possible by intensive manufacturing methods and the great number of cars we build during the year. If value, service and economy are of any importance to you, do not fail to inspect and test the Maxwell before making your selection.

Brief Specifications—Four cylinder motor; cone clutch; unit transmission 3 (speeds) bolted to engine, $\frac{3}{4}$ floating rear axle; left-side steering, center control; 56" tread, 103" wheelbase; 30x3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " tires; weight 1,960 pounds. **Equipment**—Electric starter; Electric headlights (with dimmer) and tail-light; storage battery; electric horn; one-man mohair top with envelope and quick-adjustable storm curtains; clear vision, double-ventilating windshield; speedometer; spare tire carrier; demountable rims; pump, jack, wrenches and tools. **Service**—16 complete service stations, 54 district branches, over 2,500 dealers and agents—so arranged and organized that service can be secured anywhere at any time. **Prices**—2-Passenger Roadster, \$830; 5-Passenger Touring Car, \$850, F. O. B. Windsor. Three other body styles.



Maxwell

MOTOR COMPANY, OF CANADA, LIMITED

Write to Department No. 4V Windsor, Ont., for our booklet "22,000 Miles Without Stopping."

The Philosopher

CANADA AS A GERMAN COLONY?

If Germany were to triumph in Europe, she would triumph here later. Aside from the wider considerations of service to the future of humanity, Canada is thus fighting for herself as well as for the Empire of which she forms so important a part. This northern half of this continent is the one great area in the world most suitable for German colonization. It is closer to Germany than any other, and its climate and resources are similar to those of Germany. Only the British navy and the Allied armies (including the men from Canada) stand in the way. The President of the United States is earnestly urging the people of that country to arms, as they are unprepared to protect themselves. The Munroe Doctrine would thus prove a broken reed for Canada. Every Canadian who volunteers for service is taking the most effective means for protecting Canada from subjection to Kultur and slavery to German militarism.

UNCEASING VIGILANCE NECESSARY

The tragic disaster of the destruction of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa has brought home to us afresh the solemn and terrible truth that our country is at war with an enemy whose weapons are every form of ruthlessness and treachery. The Providence Journal stated the morning after the fire that three weeks previously it had notified the Department of Justice of the United States that it had received information directly through employees of the German Embassy at Washington that the Dominion Parliament buildings, Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General and munition plants throughout the Dominion were to be made the objects of German methods of destruction. The Providence Journal, it must be remembered, has proved its right to speak with knowledge in regard to German plottings of this sort. Most of the evidence that convinced the United States Government that Dernburg, von Papen, Boy-Ed, Dumba and other German and Austrian representatives and agents under the Stars and Stripes were using their positions to organize industrial war with the torch and the bomb, came from the Providence Journal. That paper proved that the operations of Germans like Horn, who tried to blow up a C.P.R. bridge in New Brunswick, and Paul Koenig, who made preparations to wreck the Welland Canal with explosives, were directed from high German quarters in Washington. Only unceasing vigilance and determination will enable us to guard against the German methods.

A DAMMED-UP SEA OF ALCOHOL

The Russian Government, as the result of the prohibition of vodka, now has on hand 260,000,000 gallons of that liquor. Various uses are proposed for it. One inventor would use some of it in a process he says he has devised for the manufacture of artificial rubber. There are proposals for turning it to account in the way of fuel for motor vehicles. In any event, whatever use is made of it, there will be immense quantities of it on hand for a considerable time to come. The Finance Minister has stated that he favors destroying it all forthwith, lest by keeping it in storage it may end by being a temptation to some future Russian Government, needing money, to take the easy way of securing it at the expense of the souls and bodies of the Russian people. The net profit from the Government vodka monopoly in a single year has risen as high as \$290,000,000. The vodka bottle had become a fatally familiar object in the daily lives of great numbers of the Russian peasants. Vodka contains from 40 to 60 per cent of alcohol distilled from potatoes, or rye. It was the source of incalculable evil and wrong in Russia, and its prohibition has already proved to be the greatest measure for good ever put into operation in that vast Empire. Already even the most ignorant and unthinking are realizing what a fountain of destruction the vodka bottle was of human welfare and progress and happiness.

THE CONFESSION OF "CYCLONE" DAVIS

In reading of the doings of the Congress at Washington in the United States papers that come to his table, the Philosopher has found it interesting to note the prominence given to a new member from Texas, James Harvey Davis, better known as "Cyclone" Davis. When he came to Washington a few weeks ago for the session, he donned the first linen collar that has graced his neck for twenty years. Also, he put on a "boiled" shirt, and a "thick" tie, the latter of which, we read, is entirely hidden by his beard. Apparently he is anything but comfortable in his "boiled" shirt, white collar, and "thick" tie, and he has made a public explanation that he is not to blame for these blackslidings. His wife made him conform to the Washington fashion, he says. Are there not many married men everywhere who will appreciate his position? The hand that rocks the cradle guides and restrains many a Cyclone.

TYPICAL OF THE CANADIAN SPIRIT

A striking incident in the disaster at Ottawa on the night of February 3rd., by which the Parliament buildings were reduced to a smoking wreck, was that at midnight, while the great tower was enveloped in smoke and flames and after part of the wall had fallen in ruins, the clock struck twelve, as usual, the deep tones of the bell sounding out clear and strong. Truly it was typical of the Canadian spirit. Some Canadian poet should write a poem about that sounding forth of what Shakespeare calls "the iron tongue of midnight." Even if the Hun incendiaries and practitioners of other forms of "terribleness" bring the war into Canada, the Canadian spirit will not be daunted, but only inspired to greater determination and energy. And even as that calm, measured, deep-toned sounding of midnight amid the flames, and smoke of the burning Parliament buildings was heard above all the din and tumult of destruction, so to the inner ear of all the world, the bell of Fate is audible above the din and tumult of the war, sounding the knell of Teuton savagery and the Hohenzollern dream of world domination.

WE STICK TO THE CLUMSIER OLD WAY

To the present world war will succeed a period of commercial competition more intense than the world has heretofore known. The need of the nations that have been at war to make money will make it imperative for them to increase production and to find markets for their products. Much thought is being given to this subject in Great Britain, and many plans for the promotion of British trade are under consideration. One suggestion which has been made is that the time has come for doing away with the ancient British system of weights and measures, and for adopting the metric system. Another is that Great Britain should abandon pounds, shillings and pence for the decimal system of currency—which Canada did two generations ago. But it is extremely improbable that Great Britain will abandon pounds, shillings and pence. Nor is it very probable that the English-speaking world will adopt the metric system of weights and measures, which is used throughout the nations that do not speak English. In an interesting article in the Scientific American, Dr. Joseph Collins, the Professor of Mathematics in the State Normal School of Wisconsin, shows that in the saving of time alone 1,000,000 users of the metric system would save \$100,000 a day, or \$30,000,000 a year. The value of the measuring and weighing instruments that would have to be replaced is estimated at \$150,000,000. A further calculation is that in the study of arithmetic in the schools one-third of a year would be saved, if the metric system were introduced. All these claims are cheerfully conceded by all progressive educationists in all the English-speaking countries—yet all the English-speaking countries have clung to the antiquated system of weights and measures. It is a question whether the time will not soon be at hand for teaching the metric system in the schools.

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR

The longest struggle in history was the Hundred Years' War between England and France, which began in 1388 and was not formally terminated until 1453. In that prolonged contest England lost all her French conquests except Calais, which was not lost until a century later, in 1558. Every schoolboy knows that Queen Mary said that when she died "Calais" would be found engraved on her heart. Every schoolboy knows, too, something about the Hundred Years' War, one of the principal episodes in which, namely the part taken by Joan of Arc, has become embedded in English, as well as in French, legend. If it is asked how a war could have lasted so long, the answer is that the loss of life, the destruction of property and the suffering inflicted were nothing like the ravage and devastation in the present war. Modern artillery was, of course, unknown. In fact, it was in the first important battle of the Hundred Years' War, the battle of Crecy, which was fought with bows and arrows, lances and battleaxes, that the English used some "bombards," which was the first use made of artillery of any sort. Both sides were pretty well exhausted before the end of the Hundred Years' War, and peasants' risings hastened its close. Among the utterances of the itinerant preachers who were active in stirring up these risings this is on record:

"Let me warn all captains and conquerors that the supreme conqueror of all is starvation. When the people begin to suffer at home, war must necessarily come to an end before long. No king can afford to fight his own subjects when they sue for peace on that account. For they all know well, and so does he, that they can establish peace by simply deposing him and his progeny."

This is the situation in which the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg dynasties are now finding themselves. The women clamoring for bread in Berlin and in other cities may be ridden down and scattered by the power of the "mailed fist," but that will not dispose of the situation of which their clamoring is the voice. For, as this old preacher added, "When the people are hungry, then, indeed, is their voice the voice of God."

GERMANY'S FINANCIAL THERMOMETER

Economic defeat has already cast its shadows upon Germany. What the successive issues of paper money mean is plainly told in such facts as Holland's demand of gold, instead of German notes and the ruinous discount rate of 20 per cent and more now demanded in New York upon bills on Germany calling for payment in marks on sight. The exchange value of the German mark is steadily falling. The German Government's efforts to impress the German people with the idea that German credit is not crumbling are like the action of a man who closes his hand around the bulb of a thermometer. He can keep the mercury from falling; but that will have no effect upon the actual temperature and the weather conditions. The effects of the blockade by the British sea power and of the excessive issues of paper money cannot be offset by any juggling with the financial thermometer in Berlin. There is official exultation over the "success" of bond issues, but the bonds are paid for in paper, and when paper becomes the reliance of the German treasury, the volume of it must ceaselessly swell, until the end comes.

A "CHRISTIANITY" OF THEIR OWN

Not only has Germany a Kultur which is self-proclaimed to be unutterably superior to the culture of the peoples that are not German. It now appears that there is also a self-proclaimed German Christianity, which is superior to that of the non-Teutonic countries of Christendom. At the General Synod of the Prussian Lutheran Church, which was held recently at Berlin, there was a resolution adopted in regard to the state of German foreign missions. It deplores the fact that "the work of these missions has been injuriously affected by the world-wide war." And the Synod declared itself grieved because "this has been the work of European States, which in this respect have given a fatal example to the heathen." (Incidentally it might be asked, though, of course, the Synod would never dream of asking it, "What sort of an example has the German-Turkish partnership, with its work in Belgium and Armenia, given?") It has been discovered that the four learned Germans who were sent as delegates to the missionary congress held in Australia not many months before Germany began the war were spies. And it is known that many, if not most, of the German missionaries in Africa and in the other mission fields were political agents.

AN AMAZING DEMAND

The solicitude of the Austro-Hungarian Government for the safety of some "better class people" homeward bound from India, the people so described officially being the wives and children of Austrians who had been interned at Ahmednagar is difficult to characterize in fitting language. These people were about to be put on board the British steamer Golconda by the British authorities and sent back to Austria, their native land, when the Austro-Hungarian Government took alarm on account of the peril they would be in from submarines. It was then that a diplomatic note was drawn up at Vienna by the Imperial authorities and transmitted through the United States embassy to the British Government. Among the demands made in that note were the following:

"That all belligerent nations be duly and in time advised of the name, route and date of departure of the steamer; that the steamer bear distinct signs denoting her purpose; that everything be done to assure the safety of her passengers."

The United States ambassador at Vienna was requested, moreover, to inform the British Government that the Imperial Government of Austria-Hungary would hold great Britain "responsible for the lives and well-being of these passengers, the majority of whom are better class people." That is to say, the British Government should take greater pains to protect "better class" Austrians from submarines—from German and Austrian submarines, do not forget—than it takes to protect British men, women and children voyaging at sea. Can the grotesque insolence of this demand be paralleled in all history? Sir Edward Grey pointed out in his answer that the note from Vienna showed plainly that the sinking of passenger ships without warning "is not the result of the casual brutalities of the officers of enemy submarines, but part of the settled and premeditated policy of the Governments whom they serve." The demand made from Vienna furnishes one more proof of the manner in which minds poisoned with Kultur work, not only justifying everything Kultur does, such as the sinking of passenger ships at sea, without warning, but actually placing the blame for it all upon Great Britain. Thus the Germans actually expected that the destruction of so many Americans on the Lusitania would drive the United States into war with Great Britain, because it was a British boat that "deliberately exposed the lives of so many hundreds of American citizens to the submarine peril." These words were repeatedly used by the leading German and Austrian journals.

Wonders of the Gulf of Georgia

(Continued from page 23)

happened to be the lad and his hands instantly pressed the fluttering thing to his breast and he sped back highly elated, calling "Come here! Come here! Hurry up—Oh! Of course we dropped everything and all rushed towards the cry. I expected to find his crushed body at the foot of the cliffs, at least judging by the vehemence of the call and I could delightedly have kicked him for the alarming shouts, when we met him rushing along, a vision of red cheeks and flashing eyes, and open smiling mouth. Later we pictured the three black marked olive eggs on their resting place of black earth, then a snap of the bewildered bird.

Some days have passed and we are away up the Gulf encamped on a sand-spit beside the great forest. The fire threw long wavering beams into the blackness of the night. Fritz squatted beside me. On the opposite edge the guides relaxed in the grateful warmth. I was studying their brown skins and almond eyes that proclaimed the Oriental origin when the lad pinched my arm slightly, and slowly lifting his hand, pointed over their heads—"Look!—Eyes!" he whispered. In the gloom I could make out two points of light—wavering, as if reflected from our fire. "Mowitsh" (deer) I whispered across to the Indians. Slowly as a snake turns



A great blue heron wading and fishing in the shallows of a B.C. river

its head, the two copper heads—now burning red in the glare—now black as Ethiopians in the shadows—turned—then with a swift upleaping and yelling they sped off on either side of the fire; running towards the water—thus driving the Blacktail out onto the mile long spit.

"We'll catch it to-morrow if you want it, as long as this fire burns it dare not pass it and I don't think it will swim off—too far, too much current," said L'askit. Early next morning we all crept slowly down the spit. Yes! there was the deer, feeding on the layer at high tide line.

"You and O'poots creep after it and turn it—as far away from here as you can. Fritz, you stay in the ferns at this end on that side of the spit with the 'bullet,' and I will take the 'reflex' into the cover at the edge of the spit." With my binoculars I watched the two dark figures creeping along the sand dunes, trying to get past the deer without driving it into the tide—impossible, there it goes! With great leaping bounds it raced down the sands and entered the sea, turning its face towards me as it got into deep water. Both the dark figures remained prostrate and it swam swiftly past them with the tide and daintily stepped out onto the hot, dry sands again—a thing of delicate beauty in the bright sunshine of the early morning. I saw now it was a "spiker," a male not yet a year old—running, ambling, leaping it sped towards me. Now it stops and looks back at those two black spots on the

yellow sands—now it nibbles at a young fern. Now it enters the sea to daintily snatch out a bit of floating weed and NOW—my heart is beating so that I feel sure the little beauty must hear it—it walks directly towards me as if to say—"Oh! I guess it's all right—scared at nothing as usual!" On it came, now it is within a hundred feet, now fifty—the wind is with it luckily—now twenty-five—it turns—now Click! the camera sounded seemingly as loud as a gun and that deer just doubled down and wound itself up and in four great running, bounding leaps entered the forest. I measured one leap, thirty feet clear across a little mountain brook—but I have you, you record-breaker, right on my film!

Again afloat, on we sped, past Indian

burial islands where the axe-split cedar board, or the rock perched canoe told of the last resting place of some of the "old folks." Here in crevice or canoe the sun-bleached and time-whitened skeletons have lain for a hundred years until all that is left is a little lime-like dust to tell of one that hunted ere the white man came where we hunt to-day. "To-mol-la me-si-ka hyas kal-aka-la," grunted L'askit over the fire that night, telling me in the odd jargon these people use "to-morrow we get big bird." This strange language is a Coast born one, made up of French and Spanish and English and Indian words, by the Hudson Bay Co., and the now extinct traders of Asoor and the Northwestern Fur Co.

So next day saw our highprowed craft

approaching the marshy mouth of a little river. We left the glittering waters of the Gulf and paddled up over the pebble-lined bottom where trout ran and salmon leaped and flat fishes played. We disturbed some harlequin ducks, those rare birds of grey velvety coats all dabbled with white—as if some erratic painter had been busy. Here we met the first human being we had seen closely in many days. A coast Indian in a log canoe, with a big black dog and a wounded blue heron. We passed greetings as we sped by and my Gordon setter Daisy—I beg her ladyship's pardon for not having mentioned her before—sat up and began to take notice. That illy-bred dog in that common looking canoe evidently had strange company, so she rose up with every hair

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Cabbage—Winningsstadt.	.05		.30	
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standing nicely on end and—pointed!—as sure as you live she "marked down" game, her back was straight, her tail as stiff as a lath. I turned idly to see and lo! the wounded heron had leaped out of the canoe and was now making swift flapping way across the landscape and the native was foolishly searching for his gun—as far as we know that big bird is flying yet. "And serves him jolly well right too," agrees Fritz. "What bally right has he to go about like a travelling Zoo. What are those haystacks in the trees away ahead?" queried the boy.

"Great Blue Heron's nests," I answered.

"Hyas! house,—big nest," grunted O'Poots. The canoes were running head and head up the little river. We could see the tall, gaunt birds craning their necks to make out what sort of animals we were—two long shells and eight wet flashing arms with two heads to each shell—we must have puzzled them somewhat.

"Here we come, the 'Only-Original-Siamese-Twins—two heads to every body,'" cried the laughing lad. The big birds rose on the nests in the tall trees ahead of us and looked down upon the two noisy animals. Fritz yelled, "scat!" and they "scot" as he said—off the huge ungainly birds flapped, filling the air with their raucous cries. Some of the tall thin trees held as many as ten nests. These were so huge and so many times rebuilt that they must have been six to eight feet across and have weighed a hundred pounds. They were made of branches and twigs and each contained from two to four large greenish-blue eggs. I proposed to climb the trees—in the person of my deputy Fritz and he again in the person of my sub-deputy O'poots—L'askit positively refused—he had dreamed of breaking his whale spear and this was a bad dream and he some way connected the mussel-tipped spear and his own blauk-shocked head, so the merry lad and the garrulous O'poots—Fritz says this quiet guide has spoken just six times this trip, and every time it was "yes" when I had asked him if he would "have some more"—started up.

Now the two wriggling figures are slowly drawing themselves up the trembling trees—these grew out of the water and I momentarily expected to hear "crash!" "splash!"—but I was disappointed—up and up they went with a chorus of harsh croaks ever about them. The air was filled with flapping, com-

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plaining birds and I was busy snapping the big camera at them. Many were the awkward positions they took in mid-air or when alighting as gracefully as a pig in a puddle upon the yielding branches. As the day was far spent I hurried the panting lad down and pictured him with a great egg in his hands—there was a rattle of paddles as the guide dropped into the canoe, another as we siezed the blades—and then, amid a chorus of croaking birds and grunting Indians and the laughter of the happy lad we sped off down the river and out onto the waters of the Gulf.

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Since last writing for the page the women of Manitoba have been granted full suffrage and when the next provincial election comes round they will be in a position to cast their votes. Personally, I look back over 25 years to the time when the campaign was first started and when Dr. Amelia Yeomans and a few other bold spirits had the temerity to demand votes for women. At that time it required some courage to declare for woman's suffrage. I remember very well indeed the first meeting in the office of Dr. Yeomans to consider the possibility of forming such a society and I can see now the doctor see-sawing in a rocking chair her needles gleaming in and out as she knitted a baby's sock of pink wool and at the same time declared her belief in the right of women to vote, which at that time was considered, by at least 95 per cent of the community, as a very bold bad thing to do.

At the banquet given in the Royal Alexandra to commemorate and celebrate the passing of the bill, as I looked over the hundreds of faces and listened to the following speeches of the men politicians and heard the presiding officer, Dr. Mary E. Crawford, claim that all the work had been done in four years, I wondered whether Dr. Amelia Yeomans, in some other sphere was cognizant of what was going on. If she was, I am sure that she had a quiet smile for the arrogance of the younger generation, who entirely ignore the fact that their own interest in women's suffrage was largely the outcome of the work of these pioneer women. On the occasion of the banquet, Jno. W. Dafoe, editor-in-chief of the Free Press, paid the finest tribute, though it was an unconscious one, to the work of those same pioneer women; he said that there had been no active opposition to woman suffrage during the last campaign. That, I took it, meant that the early workers laid their foundation broad and deep and that the women generally had made good, made good to such an extent that no one had the courage to take up an active anti-suffrage campaign.

What I really started out to say, however, was that the work with regard to woman suffrage is only just begun. There is an enormous uneducated, using the word politically, vote among the women and, if we are to make a better showing than the men, the three years that lie between now and our first opportunity to use the franchise will be all too short to do the educational work that should be done. Of course, the calamity howlers are talking very much about the menace of the foreign women's vote. The foreign women's vote is no more of a menace than the vote of the foreign man, has been all these years. The only training which the foreign man voter has received from his English speaking brother is a very complete training along the line that his vote is a saleable commodity. The work of educating women voters is not the business merely of women in the cities, it is the business of every English speaking women's organization in the country, and I would say that it was especially a business of the Home Economics Societies and the women's sections of the local branches of the grain growers.

Personally, I had hoped that this question would have been taken up actively at the meeting of the Home Economics Society, which has just concluded in Winnipeg, but such was not the case, although it was indicated at the convention of the Political Equality Leagues that their duty lay along that line. May I suggest that every Home Economics Society get busy on political education at once. It would be a fine study for the English speaking women and if there are foreign communities in the neighborhood, no greater citizenship could be dreamed of than that these Home Economics Societies set about having printed in the language of the foreign sisters, first, the news that they will be able to vote in three years and, second, very simple statements about the form of government in Canada and, third, the Canadian laws which need remedying with regard to women. From what I have seen myself, I feel sure that it will be quite

easy to enlist the sympathies of the foreign speaking women along the line of a right to their property. Naturally, all of them have their independent views on that subject, but whatever views they have, it is the business of those familiar with our language and our laws to see that they are properly informed on these matters. Home Economics Societies and Women Grain Growers are very busy people I know, but there is always someone in every such organization who has a little leisure and who could prepare such matter for the meetings and what was found effective and educational in any of their own meetings could easily be translated into whatever language was necessary to reach the non-English speaking sisters.

The question has reached me as to whether the Roman Catholic Sisters in convents will be entitled to register and vote. The only information I have at hand is that the monks in the various monasteries vote and that if they have the right to do so, presumably, the nuns would have the same right. Under what names they would register, I do not know, as they drop their own surnames on entering the convent.

Can Nuns Vote?

The convention last week at the Agricultural College was the best which the Home Economics Societies of Manitoba have ever held. The spirit of cordial co-operation was outstanding. There were some very good discussions and the women took strong stand on the question of bilingualism and temperance. Of course, it is a disappointment to many women that they will not be able to vote on the temperance legislation, but because they cannot vote is no reason why they should not work and work hard. They will find that the mere fact that they have a vote in the next election will give them added dignity and weight in this campaign. Their opinions will count as they have never counted before. The fact that there is a great wave of temperance should not be taken too much for granted; the real thing is to get the vote out and for this the women can help very materially.

To return to the Home Economics Convention, I would like to say a word as to the beauty and utility of the exhibits sent in by the women's societies for the Soil Products Fair. I do not think that I have ever seen a finer collection of hand embroidered linens, knitting and crochet lace, which at the present time is so much in demand for the decoration of both under linen and house linen. There was a fine display of bread, pickles, preserved fruit, home cured hams, sausage and, of course, buns and cakes of all varieties. The section for household conveniences was a very keen disappointment. There were absolutely only two entries. This seems a great pity in view of the scope that the prizes of this kind offers. Perhaps there was hardly time enough, but it seems to lay emphasis in the statement which men are so fond of making that women cannot invent things.

The section given to essays and menus was, however, a tremendous success. Hundreds of essays and menus were sent in and the judges state that it will take fully two weeks to decide on the winners. I shall hope to secure some of the prize essays for publication in The Western Home Monthly.

If whipped cream is added to chocolate it should be put in the bottom of the cup and the chocolate poured over it. A cup of cocoa is as much improved by the cream as is the chocolate. Either of these beverages, provided a good quality is procured, is better for the morning drink of a nervous man or woman than tea or coffee. Pure chocolate is not apt to thicken in the boiling, flour or starch being a common adulterant of the inferior brands.

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"A few months ago I was all run down, hardly had any appetite and could hardly get a night's rest. After reading your advertisement I secured the full five-dollar treatment and after taking it a few days noticed wonderful results. I gained at the rate of two pounds weekly, making a total gain of sixteen pounds while taking the Sargol treatment. I am so thankful for I never felt so well before."

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"I have never yet written to you one word about my success with Sargol, but I feel I must do so now, and I cannot refrain from telling you that I am just delighted with the treatment, I am gaining so in every way, not only in weight but am feeling so much better and am looking so much better. I was simply starving before, but now my appetite is getting hearty, my complexion is wonderfully improved and only yesterday I was told that I looked ten years younger. I shall continue the treatment and never be without Sargol so long as it continues to improve my health and appearance, and am glad indeed that I have found it to be all that you recommended."

MRS. F. SEIM says:

"My weight before I took your pills was 126 pounds and now I weigh 139 pounds. I only had two boxes, this is the second one without your sample."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age, and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel."

Full address of any of these people if you wish.

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In another month cars will be plentiful, and we would strongly urge farmers to ship their own grain and don't sell a bushel on track. Wait until grain is unloaded before selling. If you have not the time to ship before seeding, we figure it will be just as profitable after, as prices will be high all summer. Just have patience and wait for your cars as you will make big money by shipping your own grain.

We advance well up against shipping bills, and in making liberal advances this year have enabled a large number of our farmer friends to hold their wheat, thereby helping them to clear as high as \$300 a car extra.

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The Note in the Knitting

By Charles Dorian

PRETTY Hilda Green pouted pettishly, as she threw down her work bag, took off her coat and hat and announced to the family that she was home after a tedious afternoon at the Red Cross meeting and tea.

"I declare, but you're in a vixenish mood for a young lady who has declared herself for self-denial work," accused her mother.

Sister Bess giggled and brother Bob guffawed:

"Go to it, Hilda. Been seein' red all right. Bet old Mrs. Bling's knittin' red Sox for the Red Cross!"

"Well, it's just a shame the way that tartar goes on," confessed Hilda, the blue in her eyes drenching the rising fire.

"That tartar," designated as "old" Mrs. Bling, was a twice-told widow, a woman of amazing eloquence, masculine energy and notorious ugliness. Her hair was drab, her eyes were drab, her skin was drab. She possessed two prominent vertical wrinkles in each cheek, a wart on the right inside curve of her nose and a hairy mole on the left corner of her chin. She was fat, pompous and pitiless. Some said her greatest fault was her aldermanic aggressiveness which won her places where she had no business to be.

She kept a small dry-goods store in Parasea which she wrested in a sharp business deal from Mrs. Thorold, a widow who was anxious to acquire a snug little cottage and truck farm in the outskirts

'Not much. Our president informed her that we would continue to accept goods from those kindly enough disposed to give them at cost."

"Good night," sang Bob, dramatically leaving the room. "Thy tears are shed for naught."

"Why, my dear, nothing could be more satisfactory," agreed her mother.

Bess followed her brother without giving voice to her sentiments on the subject.

"Oh, that's not all," declared Hilda. "It's what happened at the tea that riled me. You know how all the interested people come in, plank down their coin for a cup of tea and piece of cake and then make a talk fest of it? It's kind o' queer company for a lumber-jack, isn't it? Well, when all those women were there babbling, in comes Billy Thorold with his sweater coat, rough trousers and heavy boots and everybody had to have a long look at him. Billy is a handsome fellow, I don't care what he wears; he's easily six feet tall and has lovely brown eyes and a nice face. He didn't seem to mind but stood reading the poster about 'What will your answer be when you are asked what part you took in the great War?' I was watching him and his lips curled when he was through and I guess my customers felt neglected because they went out. Then Billy came straight to my table and asked for a cup of tea. I tried to be nice to him because the others seemed to be so horrid.



A mystery hangs over the fate of the gallant members of the 5th Norfolk Regiment who duplicated the "charge of the Immortal Six Hundred" into a Gallipoli forest and have since been lost to sight and sound. All the eligible men of King George's Sandringham estate enlisted as a body in the regiment. The King personally knew practically every member of the company, and besides had a hearty interest in their adventures. The regiment was assigned to Gallipoli, and there all traces of the men were lost. King George has ordered every possible inquiry to be made through diplomatic channels regarding the members of the company. In England they are hoping against hope that the men are being detained by the Turks in some out of the way prison camp. The photo shows the "march out" of the company before its departure for the Dardanelles.

for the sake of her growing boy who could never have any interest in linens and thread. The dry-goods store paid well, due to the pleasing manner of Mrs. Thorold. That it lost volume as the truck garden flourished was a striking reflection upon the different business methods of the two women.

"She ought to be made go and fight," declared Hilda Green, slumping into a cosy corner, preparing to open her heart then and there.

Her mother did not dissuade her. She remembered the nice remnant of pink percale she bought of Mrs. Bling for six yards and which measured exactly four and three quarters.

"Since she can't grab the presidency of the Society she wants the full say about purchases just because she's allowed to look after the shipping. What do you think she sprang at the meeting to-day?"

"Two fouls and a windjammer with the Red Sox bases full and two out," suggested Bob.

"Worse than that," acceded Hilda, "on" to her brother's baseball lingo.

"She wants the Red Cross Society of this town to agree to purchase all supplies from her store at retail prices—retail, mind you! Just because she has a living to make."

"Did she get away with it?" asked Bob, eagerly.

Then along ambles old Mrs. Bling and asks him if he'd buy a tin of tea—and he refused!"

She paused for breath and her mother cut in:

"That didn't seem very nice of him."

"Oh he was all right. I'm glad he did it. But if old Mrs. Bling didn't start in to tell him that his place was at the front with the MEN, a big fellow like him and not married—she hoped to see him in uniform inside of a week. 'You will,' he said. 'I'll make it a point to let you see me in uniform,' he promised."

"What will his mother do?" asked Mrs. Green.

"That's just it. He's working in the woods during the winter because there's barely a living on the vegetable garden. He told me so after Mrs. Bling went away. He said they were a little better off this winter because they had had a good summer and he'd probably be back before another winter came. He said we were doing a good work but we were wasting a lot of time and money. I asked him what he would suggest by way of improvement and he replied that he did not come there to run our business but to be influenced by it—and then he went away."

The tone in which the last five words were uttered in a descending scale of pathos imparted to Mrs. Green more than the whole recital of the day's progress what

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Now readers, would you like a suit or pair of pants absolutely free! A most astounding offer is being made by a well-known English firm! They have discovered a remarkable Holeproof Cloth. You can't tear it! Yet it looks just the same as \$20 suitings. You can't wear it out no matter how hard you wear it, for if during six months of solid hard grinding work every day of the week (not just Sundays), you wear the smallest hole, another garment will be given free! The firm will send a written guarantee in every parcel. Think readers, just \$6.50 for a man's suit, and only \$2.25 for a pair of pants, sent to you all charges and postage paid, and guaranteed for six months' solid grinding wear. Now don't think because you are miles away you cannot test these remarkable cloths, for you simply send a 2 cent postal card to The Holeproof Clothing Co., 56 Theobalds Road, London, W.C., Eng., for large range of patterns, easy self-measure chart and fashions. These are absolutely free and postage paid. Send 2 cent postal card at once! Mention The Western Home Monthly.



600,000

Seedlings and Cuttings for Sale

this spring, and in order to encourage apple growing I will give away free this spring 1,000 Hibernal Apple and 1,000 Transcendent Crab Grafts. These are grafts and should grow two feet this season. I will also give away free 500 Iris, one of our most beautiful and hardy perennials. My price for Willow cuttings is \$4.50 per 1,000; \$38.00 for 10,000, express prepaid on all orders of \$3.00 and over.

I have a fine stock of trees, shrubs and fruits. Anything that is not satisfactory may be returned at once and I will refund the money. My prices are 35% less than agents' prices. Send me your address and I will send you my price list with full printed instructions.

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hurt her daughter most and revealed something of which she had had no ken—her Hilda was in love with the widow Thorold's son, and that son, only twenty-three had declared himself as ready for the ultimate sacrifice.

Hilda's hands lay in her lap and her head drooped sadly. Her amber-shot hair curled wistfully over her temples; her blue eyes brimmed with a light that looked more like tears. Her mother took her hands and caressed them.

"Hilda, dear," she said, "I understand, but don't be downhearted. We must be ready to cheer his poor mother who will feel it keenly—he has stood by her all these years."

The grind of the door-bell startled them into action. Hilda stood up proudly and declared:

"Oh, I'm not worrying about him—it's—its the proper thing for him to do."

Mrs. Green answered the door-bell and almost immediately ushered into the room the subject under discussion, dressed, not as Hilda had seen him that afternoon, but in the khaki regalia of a mounted infantryman.

"To see you," supplemented her mother, as she introduced him. "I must go to the kitchen."

"I'm only staying a minute," he told Hilda. "We are going into camp to-night and I want to say good-bye to some people, but to you first. You are responsible for my decision to enlist—"

She interrupted him.

"I—how?"

"I'll tell you sometime later. Meantime, I'm going to impart a little good news. You are going to lose an enemy, as the fortune-tellers say, and gain a lover. I am going this instant to show my uniform to Mrs. Bling and explain to her that she must withdraw at once from the Red Cross. That's good news, isn't it? And I love you. I hope you will think that good news, too. Good-bye."

She offered her slender hand, speechless and he was gone before she could assemble her thoughts.

He did as he had stated, went straight to the store of Mrs. Bling, whom she found alone, blinking over the latest dispatches on the daily paper spread out on her counter.

"Oh, what a fine young man it is in uniform," she effused.

"I hope you are satisfied," he said.

"Well, well, you did go and do it. Who'd ha' thought it, with you the only son of your mother and she a widow!"

"Cut that, Mrs. Bling. I came here to tell you that you must withdraw your membership from the Red Cross at once. You're hurting that Society every day you're in it."

"Well, of all the audacious stuff I ever heard! What right have you to come and talk to me that way in my own house?"

"Store, Mrs. Bling—this is business. I'll tell you by what right. It is because the socks knitted by the ladies of the Red Cross in this town are not getting to the soldiers!"

Mrs. Bling's fat features subsided from drab to the color of a toadstool, the wart upon her nose blazed and the hairy mole upon her chin flared prominently.

"What," she asked, narrowly, "has this to do with me? I am not responsible for the delivery of the articles. I superintend only the shipping."

"You are responsible for the delivery," countered Thorold, "when you address packages intended for the soldiers, to one John Joseph Bling, bookkeeper and manager of the Redpine Raft Company's wangan. Brother of yours, I believe?" he added nonchalantly.

"So you've been doing a little spy work while getting a living off the Redpine, eh? You'll make a fine scout, no doubt!"

"Have your own way about that, Mrs. Bling, but get a sheet of paper and write out that resignation and I'll mail it for you, and if you ever attempt to associate yourself with Red Cross or kindred work while I'm alive, I'll publish the whole plot. Your brother will return to you the box of socks you sent to him to sell to the lumberjacks—all but the one pair I bought."

Mrs. Bling's countenance depicted defeat—she no longer attempted to bluff. Her hand reached furtively under the counter and drew out a writing pad and slowly she evolved in staggered chirography the missive which sealed forever her eligibility to welfare bodies in Parasea.

And Billy Thorold mailed it by registered post.

The town band was already at the station playing patriotic airs and one wistful face peered among the laughing group of departing soldiers for Billy Thorold. At last he arrived and a cheer went up. She had just time to snatch his hand and ask: "Will you write?" and he to reply, "Yes, dear," when the train crept gracefully past the cheering crowd.

The letter came a month later from Shorncliffe, England, and she read hungrily:

"There is one thing about the war that might be called good—it brings a lot of people together on a common level, downright democracy, so to speak."

"I hope our enemies are enjoying this Christmas as we are—I don't even care if they are so confident of victory as we. There is only one victory worth while, anyway, and that is ultimate peace."

"I wonder what you will think of your Red Cross Organization when I tell you I am wearing a pair of socks knitted by Hilda Green of Parasea. I am keeping the note I found in them but am copying it to show you that it's authentic:

"Will the soldier who gets these socks write to Hilda Green, Parasea, Ontario, and tell her how they fit—it's the first pair she ever knitted."

"They fit to a toe and I hope to wear them through the whole campaign—at intervals."

"I wonder if there'll be peace next Christmas and I wonder if you are looking forward to our meeting with as much joy as I am?"

There was more, of course, and Hilda's answer was written under the excitement of her first real love letter.

"I thought you would tell me how I was responsible for your enlisting—but I'll be patient and wait. You see I feel that you are coming back—you shall come back! There is some mystery in the way you went about enlisting and what you said about Mrs. Bling. She did resign and the whole town is puzzled over it. I didn't say anything but I cannot help but feel that you held something over her head to make her do it—she is so stubborn."

"It is the strangest thing that you should get the socks I knitted—it all looks like a dear, kind, old Fate, doesn't it?"

New Corporation Secures Charter

The National Cash Register Company, of Canada, Limited, is the style of a company which has recently secured a charter at Ottawa. The company's capital of \$1,000,000 is all paid up.

The Canadian business of the National Cash Register Company has heretofore been operated as a branch of the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, which concern is recognized as one of the most highly organized manufacturing and selling organizations in the world.

The Canadian business has been under the management of Mr. H. J. Daly, who will be managing director of the new corporation. The other officers of the new company will be made up of Canadians entirely, with Mr. W. J. Irvine, as assistant manager, Mr. C. H. Rooke as office manager, and Mr. W. L. Tobias as factory superintendent.

The large plant on Christie Street in this city is said to be one of the most modern and efficient manufacturing institutions on this continent, and the company in completing this plant, have had in mind the growth of Canada for many years to come.

The National Cash Register Company, of Canada, Limited, will concentrate its efforts on devising and manufacturing modern money-saving systems for stores and offices.

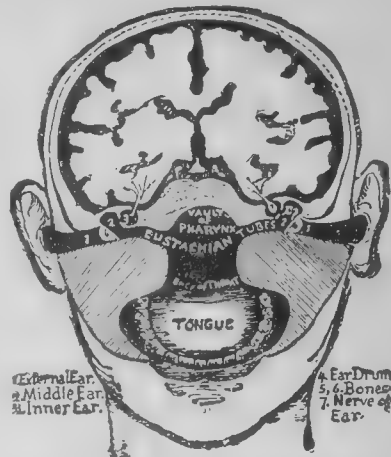
A Scot had married for the second time. His new mate was sentimental and a little morbid. She could not resist asking her husband now and then if he loved her better than he had loved her predecessor. She would say: "Do I more than fill Jean's place in your heart, Jock?"

"Are ye sure ye're no' regrettin' Jean, laddie?"

The man bore several of these examinations patiently. Then he ended them once for all with a gruff:

"Tak' ma word for it, Betty, if Jean was livin' ye wadna be here."

HEADNOISES BOOK FREE



Ear Passages Where Trouble Starts

If you have buzzing, ringing noises in your head and ears, or a snapping in your ears when you blow your nose, write at once for the wonderfully helpful book on head and ear noises and how to treat them, now being given away absolutely free of charge by its author, the famous Deafness Specialist Sproule.

This book explains just what causes distressing head and ear noises, and shows how they are the forerunners of that terrible affliction—Deafness. It points out the way of escape and has already helped hundreds to get rid of their head and ear noises absolutely and permanently, and to regain clear, distinct hearing. From beginning to end it's full of medical information of great value to all sufferers from head noises, and it's illustrated with fine pictures of the head and ear passages where the trouble comes on.

Send for this book at once and learn of the successful New Method for the treatment of your head and ear noises. It's yours, just for the asking. Write your full name and address on the dotted lines and mail the Free Book Coupon to Deafness Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston.

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Free Coupon Brings You Quick Help

For years I was in despair because of a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair. I had a regular moustache and beard and a hairy covering on my arms. After seeking relief for years in vain, I secured, through an Officer in the British Army, a closely guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which had made Superfluous Hair unknown among the native women of India, a fact which is well known.

It was so successful in my own case that I no longer have the slightest trace of Superfluous Hair and I shall be glad to send Free to anyone, full information and complete instructions so that you can follow my example and completely destroy all trace without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations and write me to-day giving your name and address, and stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is, that you send me a 20 stamp for return postage, so you can write her instructions to Banish Superfluous Hair. Good for immediate use only. Cut out coupon and pin to your letter. Address as below.

MRS. HUDSON
Whose Soldier-Husband's Bravery Secured the Sacred Hindoo Secret.

THIS FREE COUPON, if sent with a 2c stamp for return postage, entitles any reader of Western Home Monthly to Mrs. Hudson's Free instructions to Banish Superfluous Hair. Good for immediate use only. Cut out coupon and pin to your letter. Address as below.

IMPORTANT NOTE: Mrs Hudson belongs to a titled family, high in English Society; she is connected with leading officials there and is the widow of a prominent officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. She has opened an office in America for the benefit of sufferers from Superfluous Hair. Her full address is, Mrs. Frederica Hudson, Suite 913C, Bronson Bldg., Attleboro, Mass.

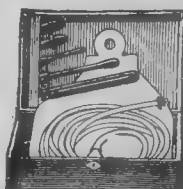
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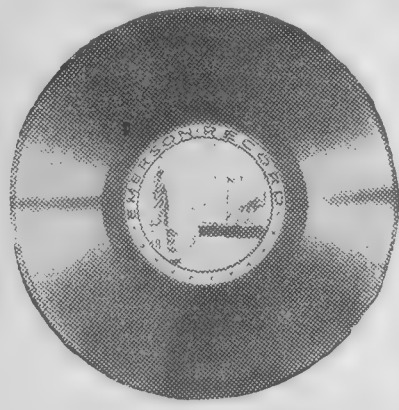
"Emerson" Phonograph

Plays disc records of any size or make. Equipped with a speed regulator, reversible sound box and spring motor. Plays one 12-inch record or 2 or 3 small records with one winding. Not a toy but a real phonograph. Weighs 6 1-2 pounds.

Guaranteed

The "EMERSON" PHONOGRAPH has been especially constructed to meet the demand from a large portion of the homes which are not at present supplied with music. It is a real phonograph in every sense of the word. Without any attachments, it will play any size of disc records so well that a person in another room cannot distinguish its music from that of a \$100 or \$200 instrument.

The "EMERSON" PHONOGRAPH is equipped with a special form of sound box which can be used with either a needle or a sapphire. By turning the sound box parallel to the lines on the record, and using a needle, it will play Victor, Columbia and all similar records. Turning it across the lines and using a sapphire, it will play Pathe, and other "up and down cut" records. Hence the "Emerson" is a universal phonograph. Nothing further to purchase with this instrument. You may enjoy fully any make of record.



MAIL ORDERS GIVEN

You can now have a beautiful, practical, up-to-date phonograph for the sum of \$4.98. No longer need you depend on your neighbor for the greatest fun, pleasure and entertainment in the world! The introduction of the "Emerson" Phonograph at \$4.98 changed this over night. It placed within everyone's reach a phonograph at a price you can easily afford. You can hear all the great operatic singers, all the big bands, all the musical comedy selections, all the latest catchy songs, all the best dance music.

The "Emerson" Phonograph plays the highest priced and the lowest priced records—the largest and the smallest records. Its reproduction is perfect. The tones are rich, mellow and absolutely true to life. You can scarcely tell its reproduction from the living voice. This phonograph is a beautiful ornament. Cabinet finished in oak with highly polished nickel-plated trimmings. The motor is of the latest design and is one of the most costly made. There is a novel brake and time control device which is not surpassed by anything on the market. Get an "Emerson" Phonograph at once and every evening let the world's greatest artists and comedians entertain you, your family and friends, with superb music, good cheer and gaiety.

PROMPT ATTENTION

The record is a recent invention of Mr. Victor H. Emerson, one of the pioneers in the phonographic industry and for seventeen years General Manager of the record department of the Columbia Graphophone Company.

"EMERSON" RECORDS 15c EACH

Look at these titles and artists—Harry Lauder, Caruso, the famous tenor; Arthur Collins, etc., together with a big selection of orchestra, band music and songs.

Universal Cut

"Emerson" Disc Records (Patent Pending) represent a distinct advance in the art of recording musical sounds, for they can be played on all disc talking machines such as Victrola, Gramophone, "Emerson" or Pathe without an attachment and on the Edison with an attachment. Either a needle or an "Emerson" Sapphire (35c) may be used. A sapphire is preferred, as it does not have to be changed, it wears less, and insures a longer life for the record.

POPULAR SONG HITS

Voice and Orchestra

- 501 Norway. Burr and Campbell. Tenors. A song that has swept the song zone.
- 502 If We Can't be the Same Old Sweethearts. One of the best ballads these "hit writers" have ever produced.
- 503 The Little Grey Mother. J. W. Myers, Baritone. A beautiful march ballad. Featured by Al. G. Fields Minstrels.
- 504 When I was a Dreamer. Ballad hit of the year. Featured by Fritz Scheff and many other leading artists.
- 505 When I Leave the World Behind. Henry Burr, Tenor. Irving Berlin's greatest composition and now in its prime.
- 506 Hello Frisco. Arthur Collins, Baritone. The feature number of Ziegfeld's Follies, playing at the Amsterdam Theatre, New York, the entire season.
- 507 Down in Bom Bom Bay. Arthur Collins, Baritone. A comedy, "daddy" rag, by writers of "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."
- 508 Tulip Time in Holland. Henry Burr, Tenor. Novelty love song.
- 509 Put me to Sleep with an Old Fashioned Melody (Wake Me Up With a Rag). The sub-title of this number shows the clever idea upon which this song is based. It is one of vaudeville's great successes.
- 510 My Little Dream Girl. (L. Wolfe Gilbert, whose "Robert E. Lee" and "Beautiful Eyes" are world famous, and Anatol Friedland, who is best remembered by "My Little Persian Rose.")
- 511 Open Up Your Heart. A combination of simple and appealing lines, with a dash of sentiment.
- 512 My Country Right or Wrong. J. W. Myers, Baritone. Rendered by Bernard Granville, in the "Follies of 1915."
- 513 Painting that Mother of Mine. Henry Burr, Tenor. An exquisite melody that should be heard in every home.
- 514 My Sweet Adair. One of the season's popular hits.
- 515 Scaddle de Moch. Arthur Collins, Baritone.
- 516 Sweet Little Mary Pickford. The authorized song of this splendid little artist.
- 517 Queen of the South Sea Isles. J. W. Myers, Baritone. A song on the Hawaiian style.
- 518 When You're in Love With Someone. (Al. Plantados).

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- 518 Illusion Waltz. Equal in merit to "Nights of Gladness" and the "Glow Worm."
- 519 Tilly Rag (One Step). Declared by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle to be the most popular one-step at Long Beach.
- 520 Miniature Waltz.
- 521 By Heck Fox Trot. Half a million copies have been printed and sold.
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Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek

WITH that delightful feeling of spring in the air comes the oft-recurring wish for a lot of little chickens and a garden full of green growing things. Don't mix them up, however; that is fatal to the garden. The question, shall we use an incubator or hatch the chicks by the old natural method worries a number of people each spring.

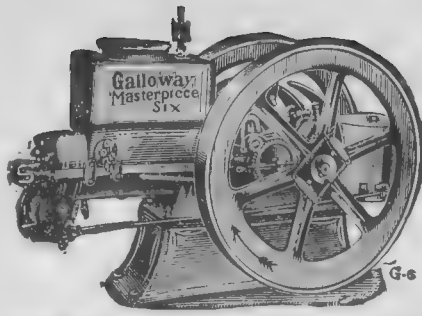
If only 100 to 150 chickens are required on the farm I should not invest in a machine, but use natural incubation in a systematic manner. Then the number can easily be raised with hen mothers. The slipshod way of raising chickens so often seen on an average farm will not do at all, and is the cause of many an argument "that chickens do not pay anyhow." Attention to detail and system will ensure success in the poultry yard, yet the work can be done by a boy or girl in their teens, or a delicate woman, who often finds health as she gathers the eggs and feeds her bonnie little chicks.

The one and two year old hens are the most profitable mothers of early hatched chicks, as their eggs will be very fertile under proper conditions. Early in March mate up a pen of a dozen birds, picking out the alert, bright-eyed fowls of good feather and form, choosing a favorite breed. Try to stick to one breed if possible. For general farm purposes I prefer a utility breed such as Barred Rocks, Orpingtons, or Wyandottes, whereas for egg laying only, or broiler raising the White Leghorn is hard to beat. Their eggs hatch well in incubators, proving very fertile. For a rich, meaty Sunday dinner give me a Rock or other large fowl. If the farm flock consists of the usual bunch of mongrel hens, good work can be done by selecting a dozen of the best fowl and buying a good purebred male. Kill off all the old stock by degrees, and in three or four seasons quite a presentable flock will result. The best layers can be noted even without the ingenious trap nest by an observant person.

Eggs will hatch pretty well from four to ten days after mating, and it is advisable to select a male from a good egg laying strain, as the consensus of opinion proves that egg laying is transmitted largely through the male, and in this particular he is rather more than "half the flock." The winter laying hens will come in well at hatching time, and generally towards the end of March I find broody hens enough to make a start in the season's work. At first I must be content to set two or three at one time, but later on make a point of setting eight or ten hens at once. It is not difficult to watch each night for a broody fowl on the nest, and transfer her to the hatching pen after dark, giving her a couple of eggs in a clean, straw nest. The hatching house must be away from the laying hens if "any luck" in hatching is looked for. Perhaps there is an unused stall in the barn, or a colony house available for the purpose. The nest boxes I prefer are those used on the experimental farms, viz., one 12-foot board 12 inches wide for three nests. Cut the board into three lengths; use one length for the bottom of the nests, one for the top and one for the back. Four pieces of similar board, foot square, to make ends and partitions. This gives three nests to the section. The front is hinged at the bottom, and the cross pieces have shoulders that brace the door in a horizontal position when open. Should it be necessary to place one section of nests over another the open door makes an alighting board for the hens. When gettable a piece of sod makes the best foundation for the nest; hollow slightly and fill in with litter.

When the hens have been in training a day or so dust them well with any preferred insect powder, or sulphur, and give each one 12 eggs or less in March; later on a large hen can incubate 15 eggs. Some hens are useless as hatchers. When on trial remove any restless birds.

I need hardly say the Leghorn is useless as a setter, and an incubator is a necessity, really, to hatch their eggs. Eggs should be tested under the hens at the seventh to ninth day, then when infertiles are removed, some doubling up can be done, and a couple of hens given fresh eggs. The eggs can be tested again at the fifteenth day, and when the hatch



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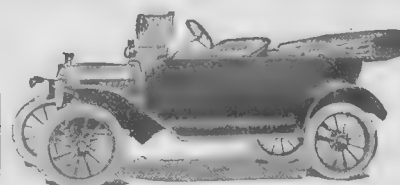
than anybody in the engine business today. Remember our engines are not overrated nor high speeded, which means short life, but are rated by time-tried experts, not impractical college professors; have long stroke, large bore; heavy, and built for heavy, continuous, hard, satisfactory service. When you buy a horse you don't want a Shetland pony. You want power and plenty of it so that it won't lay down on the job.

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By the kind of talk intended to sell you a light weight, small bore and short stroke, high speeded engine that will not stand up under the power strain demanded.

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FREE New 1916 Model FORD or \$570.00 Cash



To the person obtaining the most yearly or half yearly subscriptions to The Grain Trade News and Produce Record between now and the 15th of May, 1916, we will give a Ford Car, above model, or a roadster.

As a further premium we will allow every contestant 50c on every yearly subscription. Everyone securing ten or more new subscribers will be given a cash prize.

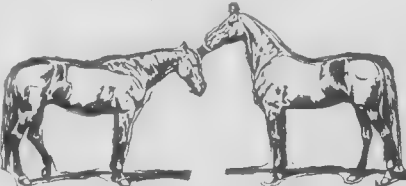
Special \$50 cash prize to canvasser sending in the largest amount of subscription money before March 1st.

Write to-day for subscription blanks.

Grain Trade News and Produce Record

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Contest not open to city of Winnipeg

(Made in Canada)



THIS SHOWS!

Such unusual and continual results as the following prove that this remedy is so reliable—and successful—that it is positively a safe and secure investment to buy it under our CONTRACT. This is a signed, legal contract to cure or refund the money. 20 Years a Success.

"If anybody writes from around here, send them to me and I will show what it has done," writes Mr. John Davis, R. 1, Annandale, N. J., and he tells this interesting experience: "I bought a mare that ran away and hurt her knee. They had tried about everything and the man I got her of said, 'You can't make her go sound.' I said nothing; but I got a bottle of Save-The-Horse and before one-half the bottle was used she was sound as a dollar."

"Two years later she went lame behind, and I could not use her. The doctor said 'a ringbone.' He gave a blister, and if not better in 3 weeks to fire and blister; at the end of 3 weeks the blister healed, but horse as lame as ever. So I told my wife I will use Save-The-Horse. You would be surprised, as in the next 3 weeks she was working every day and has never taken a lame step since. Two neighbors also had good success with Save-The-Horse."

BOOK No Matter what remedy you think of using. Don't fail to send for our FREE 96-page Save-The-Horse BOOK. It is a mind-settler on 58 Forms of LAMENESS—illustrated. Write today! If only a postal.

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Druggists everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with CONTRACT or we send by Parcel Post.

The 100th Overseas Batt. Winnipeg Grenadiers

Urgently Appeals to Young Men Who Are Now Ready to Enlist, to Join this Popular Unit. An exceptionally fine type of men are joining. The Battalion offers splendid opportunity, good quarters, and a chance of speedy service.

IN the strenuous work of enlisting the several new units required by the decision of the Government to place 500,000 men in the field, the activities of the 100th Overseas Battalion, Winnipeg Grenadiers, are very prominent.

Recruiting for this Battalion commenced on December 23rd, but the active work of formation was not commenced until January 1st of this year. There are now some five hundred men attached to the Battalion, and something like two hundred additional applications have been made but have been rejected on account of physical or other considerations. This implies that the standard of the 100th Battalion is a high one, as indeed it is, and it is one of the most marked features of this popular unit that an exceptionally high class of men are enlisting. They find in this battalion, not only an opportunity to effect their measure of service in clean and comfortable quarters, but in thoroughly congenial company. The class of men joining the One Hundredth include almost every profession. There are in the ranks stockbrokers, contractors, many schoolmasters, bankers and college students. There are grain buyers and printers, railroad men and skilled artisans, while the farmers, well-to-do men many of them, are joining the Battalion in considerable numbers. "Like draws like," and it is found that men in the Battalion are by no means backward in speaking to their friends of the advantages of the 100th Battalion. It is rather interesting to know that so far the proportion of bank and other clerks is 18 per cent of strength, and a precisely similar proportion of farmers and ranchers, while tradesmen account for 10 per cent of the number.

So much for the type of men who are joining the One Hundredth. The methods of securing these recruits are many and various. The smartest men of the regiment are engaged in recruiting work under the charge of capable officers. There are eight recruiting booths in the city, and one of the most effective bodies is the "Flying Corps," which finds innumerable ways of approaching those

commodious and fitted up in the most convenient fashion. The first floor is allotted to officers' rooms, orderly room and quartermaster's stores. Excellent ablution arrangements are placed in the basement of the building.

The second floor is devoted to the feeding of the men. The kitchens are extremely well equipped, and as the Bat-



G. M. Reid, Junior Major, 100th Battalion, Winnipeg Grenadiers

talion has secured the services of several experienced cooks the food served to the men could not be improved upon. Cold storage rooms and a grocery store keeps the food in good condition, and it would be difficult to find a unit with better feeding arrangements and more satisfied men than the 100th Battalion.

The third floor is occupied by regimental rooms, sergeants' mess and the medical officer's quarters, while the greater portion of the floor is occupied by a commodious recreation room for the men. This is highly appreciated, and is always used in off-duty hours by a large number of men who here find an opportunity of companionship in light, cheery surroundings. A well stocked canteen occupies one side of the room, and a library of some three hundred books, donated by generous citizens, is in continual use by the troops.

The sleeping quarters and company orderly rooms occupy three floors of the building. These sleeping quarters are roomy, light and airy, and an unusual feature is that the men are provided with individual beds in place of sleeping on palliasses on the floor or in permanent wooden bunks. Apart from the comfort and additional cleanliness gained, this arrangement is more convenient, as the beds are readily moved from place to place and the space used as occasion may require.

It has been found that a great many men in the country are interested in the 100th Battalion and wish to join, and while it is not desired in any way to disturb the training in local areas, yet it is realized that a great many men cannot attach themselves to local units, and would very much prefer to be in the city for training in a full battalion. To these the advantages offered by the 100th Battalion are proving very attractive. There are still opportunities for promotion, and such men would do well to secure information concerning the One Hundredth, either by mail or by personal visit to headquarters. They can readily see for themselves that it would be impossible to find a battalion where speedy training could be secured in such adequate quarters and decidedly suitable

(Continued at foot of next page)



Lt.-Col. J. B. Mitchell, Officer Commanding 100th Battalion, Winnipeg Grenadiers

who might otherwise not be directly reminded of their duty at this time of urgent need of men capable of bearing arms.

A word might be said of the excellent quarters allotted to this Battalion. They are in the Johns-Manville Building on Arthur street, Winnipeg, just behind the Ashdown retail store, very central, very

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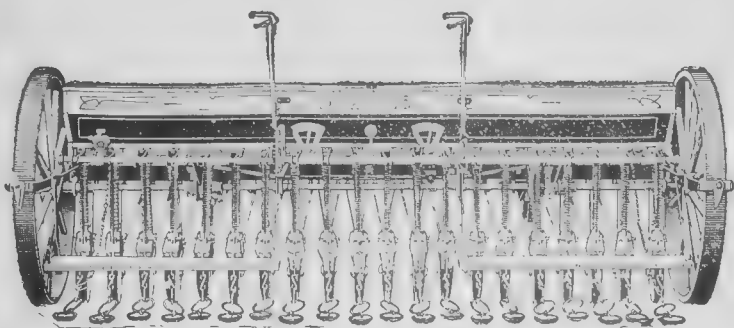
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But besides these positive advantages, there are possible advantages just as important. **Deering** drill planting gives the grain the best kind of a start, it protects the growing grain during an unusually dry or wet season, it betters your chances for a good, full crop of high quality grain.

Deering drills first make a furrow just deep enough, then plant the kernels regularly, according to the quantity per acre you want to sow, and then cover them thoroughly to an even depth. They are light-draft machines, with strong frames, large, easily-filled grain boxes, and accurate fluted force feed. They are made in single disk, double disk and shoe styles with from 14 to 22 furrow openers.

The **Deering** local agent is the man to see when you are ready to look at drills. See the sample drill line, or write to us for a catalogue showing all the good features of **Deering** drills.

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Why Keep on Teaching?

By Emily Carmen.

Six to twenty-one.....Go to school
Twenty-one to thirty-five.....Teach
At thirty-fiveQuit

HERE is a bit of free advice that is mighty good for the price, especially if you are a woman. I am, and I've tried it and it is good. A curious thing is this "thirty-five" and how it lights on different people—a man at thirty-five is very young; a woman with two or three children at thirty-five is young, not quite in her prime; a woman teaching at thirty-five is on the shady side; better hold the job she has if possible; could hardly expect to get another as good and besides, would lose that pension, the one tiny star ahead, if she should change location, ask for leave of absence or in any other way manifest the slightest evidence of being human.

There are about six women teaching to whom this does not apply, but to the other six million or so; it does, and their quick involuntary "wish I could quit" is sufficient verification.

Well, you can quit, and you can do something else besides getting married, if you want to. If you have taught twelve of the fourteen years in the above schedule and saved two hundred dollars a year (which only one-tenth of one per cent of the six million do), there is a wide range of choice.

You can farm, garden, raise ducks, chickens, geese, pigeons, pigs or mushrooms and make a living, a reputation and a comfortable old age. Of course you can keep boarders, trim hats and write insurance, but these suggestions are for occupation that does not preclude real living and every day joy.

Why not farm? Our great reformer, Dr. Seaman S. Knapp, who was a college president and a farmer, said shortly before his death:

"The great profession and science of the future will be farming; indeed, there will be no other. All others will be its allied trades.

Isn't that a mighty invitation? Is there anything to keep a woman of brains out of it? Not one thing. Hundreds are doing it successfully, both with and without men.

I prefer it with, and from my experience, can suggest a plan like this. Find among your nephews or cousins or best friends a young man fired with love of outdoor life, of scientific pursuits, and of vigorous work. These are rapidly supplanting lazy lovers of stiff collar jobs, and you may discover one by careful conversation where least suspected. If none is to be found, seek another woman teacher or maybe two, put your little funds together, find the best land for the price and go to it. A trusty man of farm experience can be employed, and your sense and interest will take care of the rest.

The young man, in our case, after leaving college and working at a desk, had had two years' experience, and was convinced it was the only life for him. He had dipped into the mysteries of stock raising, of soil lore, of seed time and harvest, of farm machinery, and was not ignorant of the joys of fence repairing, of slop-toting, of pump thawing and stable cleaning.

I did not know a cream separator from a fanning-mill, had no ideas whatever on chickens, eggs or butter, had not cooked a meal in fifteen years, and had never done a washing, made bread or baked a pie. I had no taste for such things but they were to be my part of the daily life of the farm and were lovingly adopted.

The family from whom we bought, were to stay and start us in everything. I arrived at seven one evening, and at eleven the next morning, every trace of the family was gone. They had churned and shown me how to put the separator together. We had two men working with us and had inherited the district school-mam to board—a family of five.

Well, sir, it is just as much fun to work chaos into order in a situation like this as in any school. To be absolute monarch—no superintendent, no certificate, no degree, no nervous system—all

outdoors accessible regardless of working hours—wasn't this a blissful change?

Our three men are young, husky, athletic fine fellows. They love to work and to eat. It is fun to provide good meals for those bottomless pits and listen to their remarks. A jolly crowd it is, too busy and interested ever to be grouchy. No one wonders whether tea or coffee is digestible. Everybody just drinks it, strong and abundant.

Good bread and butter, milk and cream, wild partridge, prairie chicken, mallards and geese, in November a deer, any time fish, fresh pork or beef, all garden produce, chickens and eggs—say, isn't eating a joy?

It is royal fun to plan each day's work, and worthy of good gray matter; this means to keep schedule time, meals on the dot, house reasonably clean, and the big, bright kitchen always orderly, offering a place to sit and a real welcome. This is no menial job; it is high art. No better mission for woman exists than making a sweet, bright home. Isn't it so? And on the farm it is a big part of the work. Her spirit helps to unload the mortgage and to meet the notes that persist in coming due before the money is ready.

If she is carrying the load alone, it must be on a smaller scale, but her energy and courage and optimism can build up a sure and safe business that increases each year, that does not leave her a physical wreck with diminishing salary and friends.

No sir, she can plant better each year, read what others have done and do it one better. She can improve the stock, the quality of milk and butter, the number of eggs; in fact, every single interest has endless possibilities in the light of advanced study, and no field of work yields so generously to effort and makes one so independent.

Just get good land—whatever amount you can fairly expect to pay for with stock and machinery, put into the new venture all the brains and body you have, and I tell you, it will not disappoint you.

At forty-five that tired feeling and tired look are gone—a zest and an appetite are there, a laugh and a whirl, a hold on life, a work to do, a hundred problems to solve and a right hearty interest in the universe.

Come on in, the work is fine!

100th Overseas Batt. Winnipeg Grenadiers

(Continued from page 41)

surroundings. A strong esprit de corps ensures a high degree of activity and efficiency. Visitors to the City of Winnipeg speedily see that a live battalion is being recruited, as at almost every point of advantage, are displayed the posters, pamphlets and advertising material of the 100th Battalion. The posters are highly artistic and impressive, being chiefly procured from Great Britain, where recruiting posters have played so prominent a part in raising the vast armies now in training. The officer commanding the One Hundredth is Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Mitchell. A distinguished officer, now attached to headquarters, will shortly be posted as second-in-command. Major G. M. Reid is junior major, and Lieut. G. C. James, late of the British Grenadier Guards, is adjutant. Headquarters, 92 Arthur street, Winnipeg.

The tourist with an inquiring mind: "Pardon me, sir, but why do you prefer living here in Kansas to any other region?"

The square-headed man: "Because my wife's relatives live in New England and mine in California."

Pain Flees Before It.—There is more virtue in a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil as a subduer of pain than in gallons of other medicine. The public know this and there are few households throughout the country where it cannot be found. Thirty years of use has familiarized the people with it, and made it a household medicine throughout the western world.

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are in strong demand for special shipment. Write us before loading for best destination and secure advantage of any premiums that are going.

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The Home Doctor

Various Worries

The writer, who has for many years been meeting thousands of subjects of worry of different sorts, has been led to divide the subjects of worry into three classes: (1) Those who worry because of the existence of real and natural causes of anxiety, such as great business responsibilities, with threatened financial disaster, the prospect of the failure of cherished plans, etc. (2) Those who worry about trifles or even purely imaginary troubles, as the result of a general vital depression and mental disturbance due to toxemia, such as frequently accompanies cases of chronic constipation, especially when associated with incompetency of the ileocaecal valve, leading to the backing up of putrefactive material from the colon into the small intestine, and the rapid absorption of toxic substances. (3) Persons who, having formed the habit of worry through either one of the above-mentioned causes, continue to worry notwithstanding the fact that the original exciting cause has been removed. When we consider the possible remedies for worry, it must be recognized at once that all cases cannot be treated alike. The man who worries because of the threatened collapse of an important business enterprise, to the building up of which his whole life has been devoted, may not be relieved until the threatened danger is averted or the crisis passed. Diversion is one of the most potent remedies for worry. Concentration of the attention upon some wholesome subject is of utmost importance as a means of combating worry, whether due to present physical or mental causes, or merely a residual habit. Constant occupation of some sort is essential as an aid to diversion. Manual work is best. Gardening, boating, bird study, nature study of any sort which takes one into the open, and such manual arts as basketry, weaving, pottery, "mother craft" and carpentry, are highly useful occupations for a worrying invalid.—Dr. Kellogg, in "Good Health."

The Hair in Health

Everybody's head, as a rule, should have a thorough washing and brushing once a week with warm water and good soap. I make no exception for ladies, who, however, have far more trouble over this operation than the mere male, and to whom, therefore, corresponding sympathy must be extended. Yet the accumulation (a) of scurf or dandruff (epidermic scales), (b) of fatty secretion from the sebaceous and sudoriparous glands, and thirdly (c) of dust and dirt particles in and about the roots of the hair is such that it is never safe to leave the hair unwashed more than a week or ten days at the outside. Neglect is punished by premature loosening of the hair, by disease of the skin, or by the intrusion of vermin which then find an admirable breeding place and multiply exceedingly before their presence is detected. Many people find it advantageous to dispense with soap altogether, and in one place to use the egg. You break two or three eggs, and knead the contents in a basin; then work this through your hair thoroughly, perhaps with the addition of a little warm water. Then you wash out (also with warm water) and dry. Nothing more effectually removes scurf; and you have the additional gain of the hair becoming glossy, instead of dry and harsh, as it is apt to become after soap.—"Preston Guardian."

Mother's Milk—Nature's Food

1. The most loving act a mother can do is to nurse her baby. When the baby nurses, it not only gets the best food, but it is less liable to many diseases, such as "summer complaint," convulsions, and tuberculosis. Out of every hundred bottle-fed babies an average of thirty die in the first year, while of the breast-fed babies only about seven out of every hundred die in the first year.

2. Nearly every mother can nurse her baby during the first three or four months of its life, and if she can nurse it for ten months, so much the better.

3. There may be an abundant supply of milk after the first few weeks, even if there is but little at first; the act of suckling causes the milk to come into the breasts, and increases the supply. It is very important that the baby nurse regularly.

4. If the baby is too weak to nurse, a healthy infant can be used to excite the flow of milk until the baby has grown strong enough to nurse. This

should not be done without a physician's advice.

5. The only way to tell how much food the baby is getting is to weigh it before and after each nursing; for at least twenty-four hours. The clothes need not be removed, but the baby should be dressed in exactly the same way when weighed after nursing as before. (If the baby should soil its diaper after the first weighing do not change it until after the second weighing.) In case the baby is not getting enough breast milk, the quantity lacking should be made up by properly prepared cow's milk. Let a physician decide this. This may be only a temporary shortage on the mother's part, and with suitable

care the milk will probably increase so that the baby will eventually be satisfied with the breast only.

6. The following things influence the milk supply; Peace of mind is necessary for the mother; she must not worry; she should not get over-tired. She should eat freely of her customary diet. The total quantity of fluids taken by her in twenty-four hours should not be less than two quarts; in hot weather more. Stuffing, however, is unnecessary and undesirable.

7. Consumption in the mother is practically the only disease that always forbids nursing. Paleness, nervousness, fatigue, pains in the back and chest, or the return of the monthly sickness are



Far more women than men suffer from nervous disorders. And little wonder, when you come to think of the thousand causes of worry and anxiety which come daily to the woman in the home.

Particularly to those who are nervously energetic the many demands of society, the numberless details of home life, and the exacting attention required by the children, sooner or later wear on the nervous system.

You begin to worry, and worry upsets the nerves. The more irritable the nerves become the more you worry. And thus is formed a vicious circle, and there is no end to your troubles. Since the nervous system holds in control all the functions of the body there soon arises a thousand little ills to make life a burden.

Nervous headaches, spells of indigestion, irritable temper and attacks of the blues tend to make you feel miserable. You cannot rest by day or sleep at nights, and what reserve force you have rapidly disappears.

It may not be convenient for you to get away for a change and a rest, but there is within your reach Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and there never was found a nerve restorative which could be compared to it.

Use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly and you will soon be able to take a cheerful view of life, enjoy your daily work and forget to worry. For with good health comes new energy and strength, new hope and courage, happiness and success.

Women everywhere are praising this great food cure, because it lifts them out of this terrible nervous, irritable condition, and by its reconstructive influence enables the bodily organs to properly perform their natural functions.

50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free, if you mention this paper.

Could Not Bend Down On Account of Backache.

Mr. J. A. Lubiniecki, Dauphin, Man., writes: "It is my pleasure to write you in regard to Doan's Kidney Pills which I have been using for some time for kidney trouble, which used to affect my back so that at times I could not bend down, nor could I walk straight. I learned about your pills from your Almanac, and I bless the happy hour I thought of buying this medicine. One time a druggist persuaded me to buy ———'s Kidney Pills, saying they were just as good, in fact he guaranteed they were. I yielded to his advice, and what was the result? I had bearing down pains in my back for two days, so I took the balance of the pills unused to the druggist, and told him to give me Doan's Kidney Pills as they would stop the pain in 12 hours at the outside. He told me he was sorry I did not use more of the pills, and lengthen the time to await results. I told him there is no need of waiting with Doan's Pills, they go right to the spot. No substitute for me."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c a box, 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering direct specify "Doan's"

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No Safety-razor can equal the good old-fashioned razor for easy shaving, if it is kept in good condition by regular honing—stropping alone is not enough. An expert barber has invented a hone that makes honing easy. It prevents "wire-edge" caused by OVER-honing. You can take your dulllest old razor and sharpen it on this Perforated Hone.

THE HONE WITH THE HOLES
Just like you would sharpen your pocket-knife—back and forth, or round and round—any way you like so long as you keep it flat to the stone. No skill is needed; you simply can't go wrong. Those little round holes in the hone trim off the roughness or "wire-edge," and leave a keen smooth edge that is a wonder even to barbers.

WHAT MEN SAY ABOUT IT
It made new razors out of my old discarded ones. Shaving is now a pleasure for me.—Milton H. Douglas, Bath, Maine. "I had an old razor I had laid aside. I could not get it sharp. Now it shaves as well as a new razor."—Rev. H. W. McArthur, Gainesville, Ga. "I have fixed up some old razors that wouldn't cut soft butter and they shave fine."—Robert Laking, Kearney, Ont. Thousands say the same.

TRY ONE 30-DAYS
Then, if you don't get the finest shaves you ever had, if it doesn't make your old razor shave like new, we gladly refund price, 50 cents (Large Size \$1.00). At your dealer's, or by mail, prepaid. Write for Booklet "Honing Made Easy."
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not sufficient reasons for weaning, but when these symptoms are present or pregnancy ensues a physician should be consulted at once.

8. Shortly after birth boiled water, without sugar, may be given to the baby at regular intervals until the mother's milk supply is established. The baby, however, should be put to the breast at stated times, as often as the mother's condition permits.—American Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality.

A Few Facts about Measles

There has been handed down to us from times of gross ignorance and superstition many fallacies that have caused untold needless suffering. Among the most persistent untruths which we have swallowed bait and hook is that there are certain diseases that all children necessarily must have at some time during their early years and that the younger they have them the better.

Measles is one of these diseases. You have all met women, loving mothers who have this theory so ingrained in them that when they hear of a case of measles in the vicinity they "expose" their children to it, thinking they are sort of vaccinating them against probable serious attacks in later life.

Although in the majority of cases measles is not as dangerous a disease as scarlet fever or diphtheria, yet children do die from it. Many children have lifelong eye or ear trouble as a result of some complication in measles and remember it is a dangerous disease and no child need have it. The following suggestions from one of the well-known life insurance companies should be carefully preserved and acted upon by all mothers:

Measles is a serious and highly contagious fever. The first signs of measles are sneezing, running at the nose and a slight cough; the eyes are red and watery and the child complains of the light hurting them. It is during this period that the disease is most contagious. The child appears to have a cold. The mother who sends her child to school or permits it to play in the street at this time helps to spread the disease to other children.

In the beginning there is very little fever. In a short time the skin becomes very hot, the tongue becomes covered by a furry coating, and the mouth and throat are very red. On the fourth day, red spots begin to appear on the forehead and face and soon spread downward over the entire body. These spots collect into groups and form large red blotches.

As soon as a child shows the first signs of this disease, that is, sneezing, coughing and watering of the eyes, be sure to keep the child indoors, away from other children, and send for a doctor at once. The discharges from the child's nose and throat are very dangerous to healthy persons who have not the disease.

Put the child to bed in an airy, darkened room. Give it only light food. Keep its bowels freely open.

Keep the child in bed for a few days after its temperature has become normal.

As soon as the rash has faded, the skin begins to peel. This peeling may last from several days to a few weeks, according to the severity of the disease. When the skin begins to peel, the body may be oiled or bathed in warm water.

Be sure to keep the eyes, ears, mouth and nostrils perfectly clean.

Be most careful of the child when it is recovering from the disease. It is during this period that the most dangerous after effects may set in.

A child ill with measles loses much of its strength and falls an easy prey to pneumonia and other dread diseases. The kidneys may be upset and may develop chronic diseases in later life. Watch any weakness of eyes and ears and do not allow them to become chronic.

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

For Cuts, Bruises and Wounds

Tincture of iodine is the most useful of the home remedies. It can be used for all ordinary cuts, bruises and wounds. To apply, wrap a little absorbent cotton around one end of a toothpick or other applicator; use as a brush to paint iodine on entire wound; if the wound is deep, introduce applicator into wound; next paint iodine for about one-half inch around the margin of the wound. (It may smart a little for a moment only.) Iodine dries rapidly and a good scab is soon formed. If the wound is small no other dressing should be applied; larger wounds may be covered after the iodine treatment with sterile gauze. It is best not to wash or handle wounds, of course, all visible dirt or foreign substances should be removed; most home washings and dressing do more harm than good by introducing invisible dirt. Clean wounds heal rapidly. Paint the wound with iodine, keep dirt from it, leave it alone and it will heal promptly.

Where a covering or dressing is needed, sterile gauze is the best thing to use; it should be picked up by the edges; the part that comes in contact with the wound should not be touched; pull out only what is needed and cut off with a scissors at the edge of the box; if kept in original container in a dust-proof chest, gauze will not spoil with age; a supply should be kept on hand at all times.—Advice given by Dr. I. J. Murphy, Sec. Minn. Public Health Association.

Whooping-Cough

Many persons regard whooping-cough as tedious and annoying, but quite without serious importance. Unfortunately that mistake often leads to the neglect of the disease itself and the failure to isolate the patient properly. Recent statistics show that of the children under one year of age who have whooping-cough, one in four dies. The mortality decreases rapidly with advancing age, and at five years of age, only one patient in fifty dies. Ten thousand children die of this disease every year in the United States.

Even when whooping-cough does not result fatally, it is still to be dreaded, for it may be followed by consumption, since the patient's powers of resistance are often greatly weakened by the violent and exhausting cough.

The disease is highly contagious, although the offending germ has not yet been discovered. Consequently, the mother or the nurse of a child with whooping-cough ought never to take it into public conveyances, or to entertainments, or send it to school or to church—anywhere, in short, where it will expose other children to the infection.

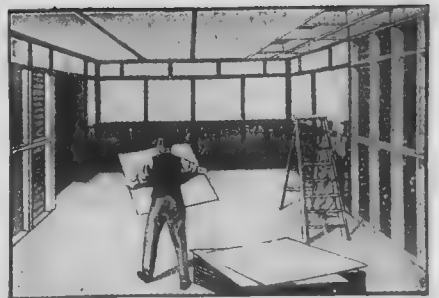
The disease begins like a simple cold in the head that rapidly goes to the chest. The cough is at first short and sharp, but gradually increases in severity and occurs in paroxysms. At the end of one of these attacks the air is pumped completely out of the lungs, and the child feels that he must take a deep breath at once. But now a spasm of the larynx occurs, and only a small opening is left for the air to enter. Through this opening the child draws his eager breath, and thus makes the peculiar noise or "whoop" that gives the disease its name.

Often vomiting follows a severe attack of coughing, and sometimes there is nose-bleed or hemorrhage from the throat or into the eyes.

Never neglect the treatment of whooping-cough. At present, we know of no cure for the disease, but the child should always be under the care of a physician, who can do much to mitigate the severity of the cough, and to prevent serious complications.

Hiram Jones, says Lippincott's Magazine, had just returned from a tour of Europe. "I suppose," said a friend, "that when you were in England you did as the English do, and dropped your H's."

"No," moodily responded the returned traveler, "I didn't. I did as the Americans do. I dropped my V's and X's."



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About the Farm

English Experts on Sweet Peas

Pending the arrival of the new Sweet Pea Annual, with its list of varieties declared the "bests of their colors," by the Floral Committee of the National Sweet Pea Society, says an English writer in the "Chronicle." I have been making an inquiry among the leading growers for their opinions on the finest exhibition and garden varieties for growing in 1916. To the novice such an investigation would be full of bewildering experiences; for, apart from a natural prejudice in favor of varieties which he himself may have raised, each sweet pea expert will be found invariably on nine points out of ten strongly opposed to every other sweet pea expert.

I suppose there are no names better known in the sweet pea world than those of Eckford, Dobbie, Unwin, and Carter. Well, I asked the chief sweet pea specialists of Messrs. Henry Eckford of Wem, of Messrs. James Carter of Raynes Park, of Messrs. Dobbie of Edinburgh, and Mr. W. J. Unwin of Histon to give me their ideas as to the best 24 sweet peas for exhibition, and the best 24 for garden decoration.

For the moment we will leave aside the question of garden decoration; the would-be exhibitor must get to work a little earlier than is necessary for the mere garden decorator and flower-lover. We will return to the needs of the latter in due course.

The four experts agree as to only one of the exhibition varieties—namely, Hercules, a rich pink.

Three of the experts, though not always the same three, agree as to the supreme merits of six of the other varieties, or seven of them, if we reckon Maud Holmes and Sun-proof Crimson as one. The half-dozen varieties as to which three of the experts are in agreement are: King White, an enormous white bloom, introduced by the great American specialist. Atlee Burpee; Elfrida Pearson, pale pink; Mrs. Cuthbertson, clear rose pink with white wings; Rosabelle, rose; King Manoel, maroon—a variety much admired at last year's shows all over the country, and having a singularly long and robust stem; and Clara Curtis, a primrose or cream variety—if Dobbie's Cream is grown this may be dispensed with, and vice versa.

Dobbies' Cream, which is being marketed this year by the way, is described by Mr. G. H. Mackereth, of Ulverston ("the sweet pea clearing house"), in his unique list of raisers' particulars of new varieties, as "an improved Clara Curtis," which it is inadvisable to grow on a single stem if intended for exhibition.

Thirteen varieties for exhibition are nominated by two out of the four experts; but, again, the two experts are not the same in all cases. The varieties receiving two votes are: Etta Dyke, white; Edrom Beauty, orange, salmon wings; R. F. Felton, lavender, or lilac suffused French grey—a variety which is said to be the strongest growing sweet pea in existence, but requiring special treatment, each single stem being allowed to fork when 3 feet high (seed of R. F. Felton is scarce this year, and some growers, in its absence, recommend the growing of Orchid, a rose-lavender, as a substitute), Margaret Atlee (Duplex), rich cream pink, somewhat resembling Constance Oliver, and thought by many to be the best of the American sweet peas; Barbara, an improved Earl Spencer, salmon orange; Thomas Stevenson, orange scarlet (one of the experts nominates St. George Improved, which is practically synonymous with Thos. Stevenson); Edith Taylor, rosy cerise or salmon rose; Elsie Herbert, white, picotee edged in rose; Florence Lightingle, very large, lavender; Constance Oliver, cream ground, crayoned rosy pink and carmine; Scarlet Emperor, a huge scarlet flower; Evelyn Hemus, deep cream-yellow, terra cotta picotee edge—a product of the work of that gifted raiser, Miss Hilda Hemus, of Upton-on-Severn; and Mrs. W. J. Unwin, rich orange salmon flaked on white, one of the finest varieties so far introduced by Mr. W. J. Unwin, of

Histon, Cambs., who has given us some of the very best both for garden and show bench.

From these 20 varieties it should be possible for any intending exhibitor to select a dozen varieties that, given good cultivation, would be in the running with the stiffest of competition. As Mr. Eckford, in a covering note, reminds me, it is always well if one proposes to exhibit in a class for 12 varieties to grow at least 14 varieties, especially when some of those grown are unfamiliar to the grower and comparatively new to this country or to commerce.

Not every novelty is reliable under ordinary amateur conditions, or even under the most experienced professional supervision, as may be gathered from the apologetic references to failures of seed from some of the latest American introductions to be found in this year's catalogues. For example, Mr. Unwin mentions that at his grounds last summer R. F. Felton and Edith Taylor—the latter admittedly one of the loveliest of sweet peas—disappointed him.

Readers who require a larger range than that already indicated will be well advised to consider the claims of the following varieties (whose colors they can check in the catalogues of one or other of the firms mentioned above), all of them nominated by one of the aforesaid experts:—

Agricola, America Spencer, Apricot, Bertrand Deal, Blue Jack, Cambridge Blue, Captain of the Blues Waved, Carine, Colleen, Cynthia Waved, Cyril Unwin, Dobbie's Cream, Dorothy Tennant Spencer, Duplex Spencer, Edna Unwin, Flora Norton Spencer, Gladys Burt, Gustav Hamel, Irish Belle, John Ingman, King Edward Spencer, Lady Evelyn Eyre, Lady Miller, Lavender George Herbert, Leslie Imber, Lilian, Mark's Tey, Marjorie Willis, Mavourneen, May Campbell, Melba, Menie Christie, Mrs. A. Ireland, Mrs. J. C. House, Mrs. R. Hallam, Mrs. R. P. Ward Nubian, Othello Spencer, Papilio, Pearl Grey, Prince George, Queen Wilhelmina, Radiant, St. George Improved, Tennant Spencer, W. P. Wright and Zillah Smith.

These varieties include not only the cream of the varieties best suited for exhibition, but those which will do one most credit in his garden; indeed, the large majority of the varieties named are equally valuable for either purpose.

Of course, there are a hundred other varieties only slightly inferior for show or decorative purposes, if at all, to these; and I put forward the foregoing nominations without dogmatism, merely as representing the ripe opinion of four men entitled to have strong views as to the merits of this or that variety, from knowledge of it alike whilst growing and as shown in exhibition classes at the leading shows.

Sick soil which did not receive a dressing of lime in the fall should be treated as early as possible this spring, for it is necessary to leave freshly limed soil resting for a month or so before any planting or sowing is done. Use ground quicklime at the rate of 1 lb. to every three square yards, and dig it in immediately after spreading it.

In order to tell whether one's soil is deficient in lime place a handful in a glass and add sufficient water to cover it, with an inch to spare. At first air bubbles will rise from the soil, and when this action has finished about half an ounce of spirits of salts should be added to the water. If the soil be all right as regards lime there will be a noticeable effervescence; but if, on the contrary, there is no bubbling up of gas, or only a very insignificant trace of effervescence, that is evidence of lack of lime.

In many small gardens too much space is wasted on paths. One generally runs right round the whole plot, and there are sometimes others across it. In

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Crowding in the stall.	Kicking.
Fighting halter or bridle.	Bitting. Striking.
Tender bitten.	Hard to shoe.
Pulling on one rein.	Bad to groom.
Lugging on the bit.	Breaking straps.
Lunging and plunging.	Refusing to hold back while going down hill.
Refusing to stand.	Scoring at hogs or dogs along the road.
Refusing to back.	Tail switchers.
Shying. Balking.	Lolling the tongue.
Afraid of automobiles.	Jumping fences.
Afraid of robes.	Bad to hitch to buggy or wagon.
Afraid of clothes on line.	
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most cases it would be sufficient to have only one along one side curving at the far end towards the other side, and terminating at or near the corner in a summer-house, arbour, or recess with a rustic seat. There would then be space for a larger lawn, and the borders could be broadened. It is almost impossible to produce an artistic effect with long, straight, narrow strips, but if they are fairly broad, preferably broader, in some places than in others, the task is much easier. While it would be going too far to say that if you take care of the sides of the garden the centre will take care of itself, it is certain that they should be the first consideration. For if they are well arranged, the boundaries may be hidden, and their straight outlines broken up, objectionable views may be shut, and often the limits of the garden may be apparently extended so as to include any fine trees near.

Cattle—Unthrifty Calves and Bad Feeding

There is a type of calf that is far too common throughout the country. It is that to which a very expressive if somewhat coarse name is given—they are called pot-bellied. The pot-bellied calf is not a very pleasant object for the man who takes a pride in his stock; appearance, is, it is true, a secondary matter, but the condition which has gained the calf its stock-yard name is generally, almost invariably, associated

particular recipe for calf meal, or select the proprietary "substitute," but to point out that it is not essential to the rearing of calves of good shape or perfect "figure" that the milk should be sucked direct from the cow. The great cause of "pot-belly" is that the calves have to take such large quantities of fluid or gruel deficient in nourishing constituents, but containing an excess of water and elements they do not need, in order to exist at all, and this occasions the abdominal distension; but calves that receive new milk—new, that is, in contra-distinction to milk deprived of all or some portion of its fat—may also become "pot-bellied" if it is fed to them in excessive quantities at long intervals. Later on in their life, when "weaned off," the same conditions apply. Cattle, that is, adult bovines, are able to deal with large quantities of bulky food; in fact, bulk is essential to digestion and nutrition, but until they reach the age when their digestive organs are developed and fitted to turn such food to proper account, they are certain, if fed on innutritious material, to do badly, and to lack the bloom so much esteemed in the young bovine, whether intended for the butcher or the dairy. Inferior grass and excessive hay feeding, where neither cake nor meal is allowed, are most commonly associated with the condition in weaned calves. It is the story of the skimmed milk and inadequate equivalent over again. The youngsters take large quantities of bulky material because it is inferior, and there-



The call to dinner

with slow progress; it is, as the stockman would say, an unthrifty or ill-thrifty animal, a "bad-doer," never giving good returns for its food and never a credit to the feeder. The excessive development of the lower part of the body is accompanied by an absence of roundness and fleshiness in other parts—this is, indeed, so pronounced in some cases that the unfortunate animal is described by another name and termed "razor backed." Briefly, it is a stunted creature unprofitable to keep and difficult to sell, of inferior value whether intended for beef or for dairy.

fore a lot is needed. It is a question of providing suitable foods for animals according to their age and condition; the skilful feeder does this; the inexperienced fails because he does not know enough about it; the careless because he is careless, and sometimes because the right kinds are not available. But whatever the underlying motive for the poor feeding, the result is the same; the art of the feeder has to be acquired, and the cost of acquiring it is sometimes heavy.

E. H. S.

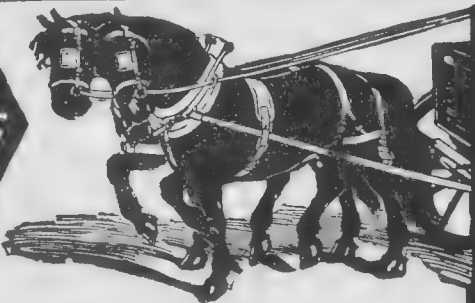
Poultry Plus Preservation

A friend of mine was discussing with a veteran poultryman the chances of success in poultry raising. He came away with this maxim: "If you are inclined to be tired don't go into the poultry business."

It seemed to me this advice was worth considering, especially as I was contemplating a venture into the business myself, so I went out to see this man. I found him alert and interested in the present, though living as he termed it on borrowed time. Years before he had met with an accident that had deprived him of the partial use of one arm. Restless and discontented under an enforced idleness in the city, he sent for agricultural catalogs, poultry and farm journals, and in reading them became so thoroughly imbued with the idea of poultry raising as an avocation that he sold his city property and moved onto a farm that was accessible to the city markets.

It was the daughter who first took me in charge and showed me the collection of choice fowls running about. She pointed houses all built under the direc-

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tion of the man handicapped by infirmity and age. "How can your father do all this at his age?" was my involuntary question.

"Where there's a will there's a way—if perseverance is added," she replied as she led me up to the house, where we found the poultryman running over the latest market reports of eggs.

After the usual ceremony of introduction I repeated my friend's report of his advice to the poultry novice, which seemed to amuse the old man. He declared he had no intention of preaching, but went on to say: "It's true all the same, for no matter how young, strong, clever or enthusiastic a man may be, if there is anything about him of the 'hook-worm' nature, poultry keeping is the last business in the world for him to undertake."

One advantage of having lived many years is the experience gained. This man old in years, but young in spirit, in his occupation of poultry raising is applying principles well established, yet on the other hand he is always on the lookout for the labor-saving idea or the up-to-date method that brings results.

Going over this small but model poultry plant I found that the man of ripe judgment had taken into consideration the value of little things. He said to me: "It is the little things in life that count and it is the little things in poultry keeping that make or break the business." Leading me to one end of the building he pointed out to me the receptacles, neatly arranged on the floor, con-

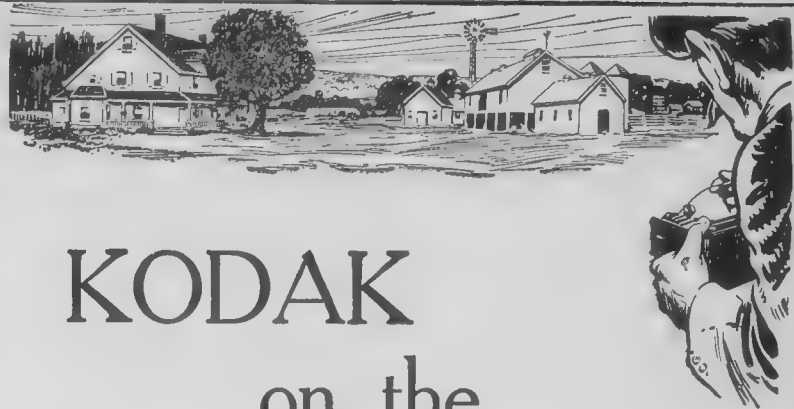
"Yes," he replied with a laugh, "that's where the old man has his weather eye in the breeding season. My daughter protested against my taking up quarters, but after losing 100 chicks last season I decided to camp out with my dog."

"You mean they were stolen?" I inquired.

"Stolen? No, they died, just as a baby would die without a mother and with no one to keep the temperature right in the night. In the early spring months the weather is variable, as you know," continued the old man, "and when you go to bed it may be above freezing point, when suddenly down goes the mercury. I am on the spot to turn up the lamp if the night grows cold or to turn it down if it should grow warmer. The main thing is to avoid extremes of either heat or cold, and such extremes will devastate a poultry house of young fowls in a single night."

"I have seen enough this afternoon," I said to the old poultryman, "to understand why you say that the 'tired man' could not succeed in poultry raising, but I believe that under your tutelage the 'tired' man would forget to be tired. There certainly seems to me to be enough in poultry raising to keep the faculties alert—"

"Not only that," interrupted the old man, "but with prices soaring upward as the season advances it is certainly worth while to take advantage of every known stimulus to increase egg production. There is not only the pecuniary gain, which is always gratifying, but



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taining charcoal, grit and ground bone. I said to him: "The 'tired' man would forget to replenish these dishes."

"He would forget it to his sorrow, my friend," returned the old man. "Ground bone with meat, preferably green, though dry bone, has value also, should be obtained for fowls during the winter months. There is no question that it increases egg production," he added. "Nature takes care of that part of the work in summer, but it devolves upon us to provide it in the barren season."

"It must be some trouble," I put in, "to prepare this ground bone."

"It was some trouble," admitted the old man, "before we obtained our bone cutter, for we resorted to the use of a hatchet, but with the comparatively few chickens which we had at the start, it was not a laborious task. This crude implement was the means of convincing us of the efficacy of ground bone for increased egg production and we were brought to the conclusion that we must get a machine for the purpose. One ounce of the ground bone and meat is sufficient allowance for one fowl, and three times during the week, according to our method, is adequately frequent for their needs."

"I notice that you have a tent set out near your brooder house," I remarked, pointing to the temporary building in the distance.

there is in addition a more durable satisfaction in having successfully overcome existing obstacles.

And thus must men feel who have overcome difficulties.

At a recent trial in Macon, says the Times-Democrat, a negro was on the witness-stand. He testified that a man who had been knocked down lay on the ground five minutes, and the opposing lawyer questioned the statement.

To test the accuracy of the witness, he took out his own watch, and asked the negro to tell him when five minutes was up. The negro told him correctly. As he was leaving the court-room, the lawyer caught up with him.

"Plum," he said, "I'll forgive you if you'll tell me how you did it."

"Yes, boss," said the negro, "Ah jus' figgered it out."

"Figured it out?"

"Yes, sah, by de clock on de wall be-hine you."

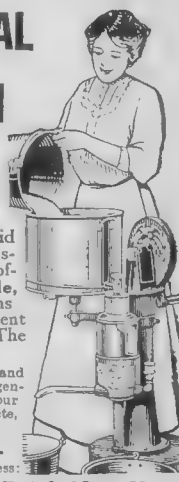
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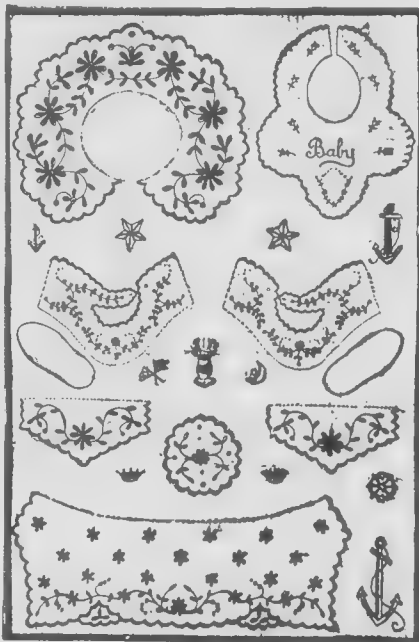
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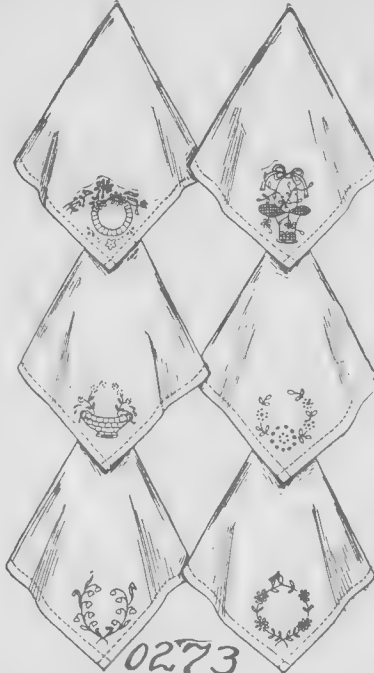


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0147—Centerpiece—A simple but none the less pretty Centerpiece in Butterfly Design, to be embroidered in Outline, Solid and Buttonhole stitch, or the little daisy medallions would be very effective carried out in eyelet embroidery. Stamped on 18 x 18 inch Imported Irish Linen, 30c. Stamped on 22 x 22 inch Imported Irish Linen, 50c. Cotton for working, 25c. Perforated pattern of either size (state what size you desire) including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.

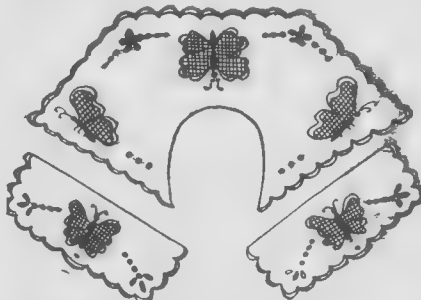
0273—Handkerchief Designs—Six unique designs for Handkerchiefs, that would make a very useful and much appreciated gift. Designs stamped on Batiste, including Embroidery Cotton, 20c each. Designs stamped on Batiste, including Embroidery Cotton, per set of 6, 65c. Designs stamped on Pure Handkerchief Linen, including Embroidery



Cotton, 30c each. Designs stamped on Pure Handkerchief Linen, including Embroidery Cotton, per set of 6, \$1.10. Perforated pattern of any ONE Design including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.



0236—Corset Cover—This effective and very simple corset cover design will appeal to all lovers of needlework. To be embroidered in solid embroidery with buttonhole edge. Stamped on good quality nainsook, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 50c. Stamped on fine linen, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 75c. Perforated pattern, including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.



0232—Collar and Cuff Set—An attractive collar and cuff set to match, to be embroidered in punch work and eyelet embroidery, with buttonhole edge. Stamped on linen-finished lawn, 25c. Stamped on fine linen, 35c. Nine skeins embroidery cotton to work, 25c. Perforated pattern, including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.

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1604—Ladies' Apron with or without Belt—Gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, sateen, drill or alpaca may be used for this model. It is made with a box-plait at the centre front, under which the closing may be finished. The full pocket is a new and desirable feature.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

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1622—Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Mixed suiting in brown tones was here combined with white pique. The style is unique and

1627—Ladies' Dress, with Body Lining or Yoke Portions with Long or Short Sleeves, and with or without Ruffles—Dimity, batiste, embroidered crepe and voile, wash silk, lawn and all lingerie materials are nice for this style. The waist is gathered at round yoke outline, which may be cut with a "V" neck opening, or finished with a standing collar. The sleeve in wrist or elbow length is finished with a ruffle. The skirt is a 3-gore model, with ruffle trimming, that may be omitted.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for the dress, without ruffles. With ruffles it requires $7\frac{1}{8}$



has attractive features. The model is in one-piece style, with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The design is also nice for serge, shepherd check, plaid suiting, gingham, percale, rep and poplin.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 4-year size.

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1626—Broadcloth, cheviot, velour, velvet, satin, linen, voile, mixed suiting or shepherd check could be used for this model. The style is youthful and becoming. The skirt is made with deep plaits and has seams at centre front and back, and at the sides. It is trimmed with a pointed belt which may be omitted.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material.

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yards, for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about $3\frac{2}{3}$ yards at its lower edge.

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Waist 1610—Skirt 1618—One could develop this style attractively in serge with matched satin for trimming, or in nun's veiling, voile or gabardine. It is also nice for linen, gingham and other wash fabrics. The skirt is shaped at the right side. The waist is made with a chemisette and new collar. The fullness of the front is gathered beneath the yoke extensions of the back portions. Waist and skirt may be made separately and of different material.

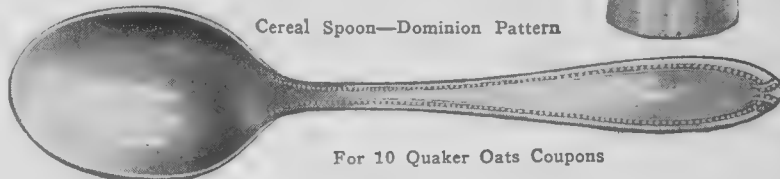
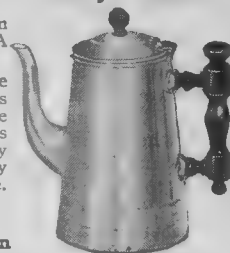
The waist pattern, 1610, is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt pattern, 1618, is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a medium size, which measures about $3\frac{2}{3}$ yards at the foot.

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1608—Girls' Dress (with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths).—Brown plaid suiting with collar and cuffs of white pique would be nice for this. It will also look well in serge, cashmere, poplin or rep. The right front crosses over the left, where the closing is effected. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is cut in 6 gores and laid in deep plaits, which form a panel in back and front.

The pattern for this model, which is excellent for wash as well as for woollen goods, is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

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1319—Ladies' House Dress with or without Yoke, and with Sleeve in Ei-

ther of Two Lengths.—Checked gingham, in gray and white is here portrayed, with white linene for trimming. For a becoming morning dress, rose or light green linen with self or white trimming would be nice. The sleeve is good in wrist or elbow length. The style is also suitable for grenadine, serge, tafeta, percale, batiste, embroidered or plain voiles and crepes. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at its lower edge.

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1614—Child's Set, comprising a Yoke Dress with Sleeve in Wrist or Elbow Length, a Slip and One-Piece Drawers.—These designs embody comfort and utility, and as they are simple in construction they are easy to develop. For the dress, one could choose batiste,

lawn, dimity, challie, flannelette, cashmere or soft silk. The slip could be of nainsook, white or colored lawn or silk. The drawers are good for cambric, longcloth, canton or domet flannel and nainsook.

The pattern, comprising all styles illustrated, is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 5 years.

The dress requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, the slip 2 yards and the drawers $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material, for a 2-year size.

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Waist 1603—Skirt 1602—Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern, 1603, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1602—Peacock blue serge, with red and gold embroidery would be nice for this. The waist is full at the shoulders beneath yoke sections of the back. A smart revers collar and tiny vest completes a charming effect. The skirt is novel and chic in its draped effect. Fawn color and



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An ounce of hair is worth a fortune. At least, that is what Adele Blood thinks. She has the most expensive tresses in the world. Recently she had her hair insured by a prominent insurance agency for \$50,000. She was led to do this through a very curious accident which almost resulted in the loss of her "crowning glory" to say nothing of her life or beauty. To understand the story, it is necessary to know that her hair reaches almost to her knees, and that she has been pictured in the majority of the scenes in "The Devil's Toy" in which film she plays a leading part, wearing her hair in a flowing manner. During the action of the play, one of the scenes is at a crematory. In this scene she is required to turn her back to the furnace. The draught drew a strand of her tresses into the glowing opening. It caught fire. Had it not been for the quick wit of one of the supers in the play, it is horrible to contemplate the fate of Miss Blood. Her manager, after recovering from the shock of her narrow escape, immediately hastened to an insurance agency with Miss Blood and insured her hair for \$50,000.

blue gabardine could be combined for this model. Pompadour taffeta with matched satin facings is also nice. The sleeve in wrist length is close-fitting below the elbow. In short length it has a neat turnback cuff.

The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. To make the dress will require $5\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Linen, voile, crepe, satin, broadcloth and gingham are good for this style. The skirt measures about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

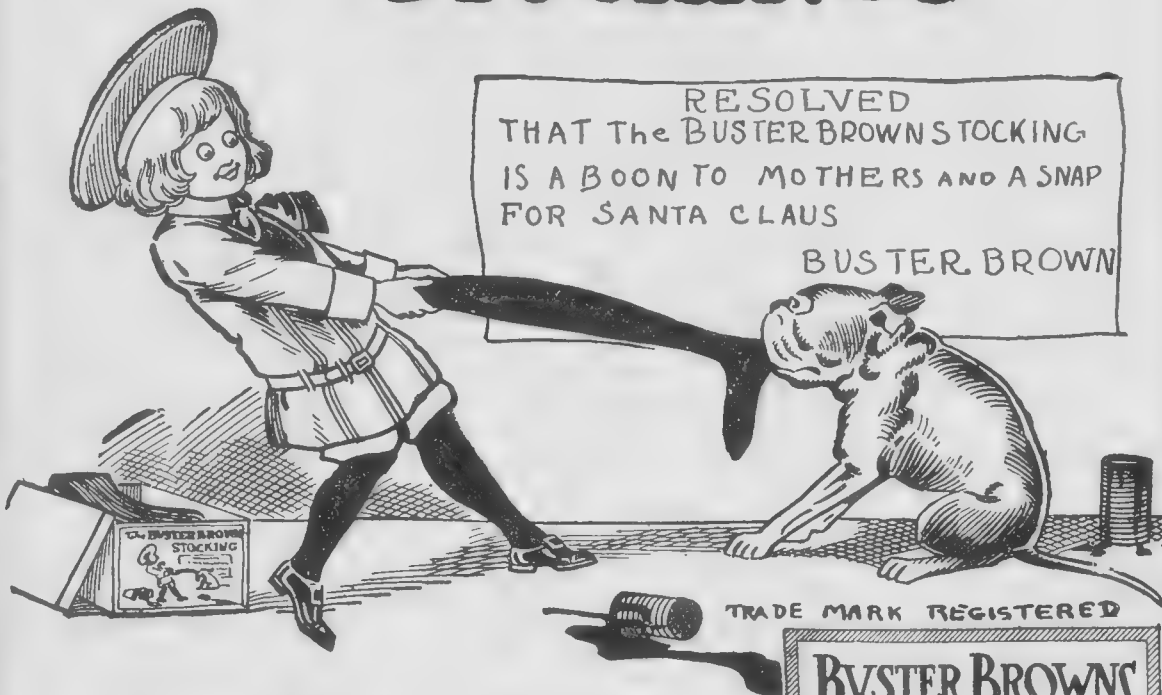
1611—Girls' Dress, with or without Yoke and Overskirt, and with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths.—Dotted Swiss with "Val" lace and insertion is here shown. The design is good for any of the soft fabrics now in vogue, batiste, crepe, nun's veiling, lawn and dimity. It is also nice for silk and cashmere and other lightweight woollen goods. The waist may be finished with the yoke portions, which could be of contrasting material, or it may be cut low as in the large view, and have the new sleeve with flounce. The long sleeve is nice if warmth is desired. It is finished with a deep cuff, that could be made of material to match the yoke. The skirt shows a new and popular form of drapery at the sides of the over portion. The underskirt has three gores. The overskirt may be omitted.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size, without overskirt, and 4 yards with overskirt.

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1597—This style has several good points. It has no cumbersome sleeves, the neck edge is low and free, and the fulness is held in place over the front by the belt forming straps that are crossed at the back and hold the apron in position over the shoulders. Percale, gingham, seersucker, sateen, drill, muslin or lawn may be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires for a medium size $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material.

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1598—Girls' Dress with or without Jumper Portions, and with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths—As here shown, percale in white with red dots was used. The free edges of bolero and belt are piped with red. The gimpes or underwaist is of white lawn. This style is also nice for gingham, challie, cashmere and nun's veiling and for crepe and silk. In shepherd check or plaid it will make a nice school dress.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for skirt and jumper and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 2-inch material for the waist, for a 6-year size.

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Coat 1624—Skirt 1558—This style comprises coat pattern 1624 and skirt pattern 1558, but designed especially for

it is finished with a tuck stitched in turn that may also afford added width if required. The model is so arranged that the fulness at the waistline is adjustable to any required waist size, without alteration on the garment, and allowance is also made for lengthening the front.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards at its lower edge.

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1613—A smart one-piece dress is here shown. It is good for serge, broadcloth, voile, shepherd checks, or mixed suiting, also nice for galatea, gingham, percale, lawn or silk. The neck may be finished with the broad collar in low outline or closed high, as shown in the large view. The sleeve is nice in wrist length,



misses and small women. The coat has several new style features. It is loose-fitting and is finished with a square yoke over the fronts. The neck edge is outlined by a neat shawl collar. Ample roomy pockets furnish a smart finish. The skirt has the popular "cuff" hem and a tuck lap at the centre front.

The patterns are both cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It will require 9 yards of 36-inch material to make this suit for a 16-year size.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1599—This desirable model has new style features and is most practical in its makeup. The fronts are full under a square yoke, and open over a neat vest. An inturn on the vest allows for widening at the fronts and the fulness is comfortable and pleasing. The sleeves are in wrist length and dart fitted. A stylish collar finishes the neck edge. The skirt portion, the important part of this model, is made with gathered fulness over the hips, deep plaited panel portions in back and front, where

while the short sleeve is most comfortable.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size.

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1612—A distinctive dress is given in this design. It is especially attractive for the lovely combinations of material now in vogue. In blue serge with chemisette of tan faille, and vest of Oriental embroidery, this style will be smart. It is nice also for black satin relieved with white. Broadcloth, voile, velour, mixed and plaid suiting may be used, likewise linen and other wash fabrics.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge.

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1621—Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—This model will look well in white linen, repp or poplin,

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with the fronts embroidered or braided. It is also good for serge, shepherd check, plaid and striped suiting, for percale, galatea, gingham and lawn. The closing is effected under the panel. The collar is new. The sleeve in wrist length is nice with its shaped cuff, while in short length it is most comfortable and popular.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for an 8-year size.

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1616—Costume for Misses and Small Women—This desirable model has new and becoming style features. The fronts are cut low over a vest in surplice style, and are finished with a revers collar. The waist is mounted on a lining. The sleeve in wrist length may be finished with a shaped cuff. In short length a smart flare cuff forms a suitable trimming. The skirt is es-

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1601—Ladies' Bath or Lounging Robe—As here shown, blanket cloth in soft gray tones was used, with trimming of matched satin bands. This style is also good for eiderdown, flannel, flannelette and duckling fleece if warmth is desired. If to be used as a kimono or lounging robe, lawn, percale, silk or cotton crepe, cashmere, serge, poplin or repp could be used. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The neck may have the rolled collar or be finished with the trimming. The sleeve is good in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It will require for the medium size $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material.

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pecially noticeable because of its pocket effects at the side seams, and the becoming fullness of its lines. The pattern is nice for figured silk, crepe, embroidered voile or batiste, also for nun's veiling, serge, lawn and dimity.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at its lower edge.

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1607—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with Two Styles of Sleeve—Blue taffeta with satin to match for the collar, or brown poplin with white faille for trimming would be nice for this. The body portions of the waist are plaited in slot effect, and the neck is cut in low outline, with revers collar finish. This model is also good for serge, flannel, batiste, nun's veiling, linen and lawn.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1259—A Simple and Attractive Tub Dress. Ladies' House or Home Dress, with Chemisette, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. (In Raised or Normal Waistline)—Brown and white checked gingham was used for this style, with white corduroy for collar and cuffs. The model would be nice for striped seersucker, for chambray and percale. It is fine for drill, linen or linene, and also good for serge voile, or poplin. It will make a nice neat business suit. The right waist front is shaped over the left, and the low comfortable neck is finished with a deep collar. The sleeve may be long or short as preferred, with a neat cuff finish. The skirt is a four gored model, cut on new lines and with ample fullness. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards at its lower edge.

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Ottawa Girl's Message of Hope

Tells Tired Women of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Miss Logan Tells How They Relieved Her of Pains and Aches So Many Run-down Women Know.

Ottawa, Ont., March 2nd (Special).—"I am glad to say I have found Dodd's Kidney Pills have done me a wonderful lot of good." So says Miss Gladys E. M. Logan, of 264 Queen Street, this city.

"I suffered from drowsiness and sharp pains across my back. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I had headaches and was subject to neuralgia and rheumatism. I was depressed and low-spirited and troubled with palpitation of the heart.

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"For two years I was in this worn-out condition, often having to lay off for a day or two. I was attended by doctors and wasted money on useless medicines, but I only found relief when I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Miss Logan's statement is a message of hope to thousands of women in Canada. They are suffering just as she suffered. She wants them to know they can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when finger on the inflames part it leaves the impression under the skin you which defies all the have tried. Perhaps swollen, the joints same with the the skin may be dismay be wounds; allowed to con- you of the You may have hospitals and is hopeless, or to amputation, can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will.

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Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1916 Large Spring & Summer Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, as well as the latest embroidery designs, also a concise and comprehensive article on dress-making, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

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PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

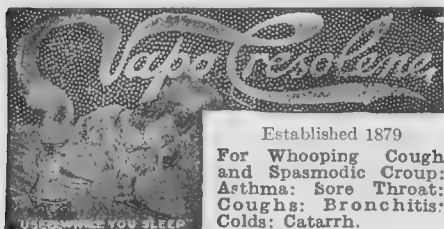
Sudden fright or emotion may cause a momentary arrest of the heart's action, or some excitement or apprehension may set up a rapid action of the heart thereby causing palpitation.

Palpitation, again, is often the result of digestive disorders arising from the stomach, or may be the result of over indulgence of tobacco or alcoholic drinks.

The only way to regulate this serious heart trouble is to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. J. S. Nicholls, Listowell, Ont., writes: "I was weak and run down, my heart would palpitate and I would take weak and dizzy spells. A friend advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I started at once to use them, and found that I felt much stronger. I cannot praise your medicine too highly, for it has done me a world of good."

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THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

Correspondence

Notice to Contributors

The publishers of The Western Home Monthly note an increasing tendency on the part of correspondents to quote liberally from letters which have appeared in these columns in former issues. We particularly request our readers to refrain from doing this as we want our pages to contain original matter, and the simpler the language, the better. We are anxious, at all times, to receive bright, interesting letters from our readers and make no stipulations as to theme, except that matters appertaining to religions, politics and nationality, and also attacks on private individuals and corporations, should be barred. Our subscribers, by taking to heart this advice and acting accordingly, will help to make our correspondence pages more interesting.—Editor.

Votes for Women

Dear Editor,—No doubt lots of you will think this a very threadbare subject, but the many times I have heard this subject discussed, with all its pros and cons (and in my humble opinion the pros are and should be in the majority), there seems to me always a few essential items unanswered, one or two of these I would like to state and proffer my opinion on, and will be glad to have the opinions of others, criticizing or otherwise, as that is how we get to know things.

In the first place I want you all to understand I am hand and heart in favor of the cause of "Votes for Women," for surely, don't I think my mother and sisters are fully as much entitled to express their opinion for the country's welfare and back it up by having the vote, as the cad (and there is no other name for him) who accepts a bribe, directly or indirectly, or the foreigner who cannot read or write the English language, and often not able to speak it, and who are influenced by their tempters in religion, money or liquor. But some of our lady orators on this subject appear to overstep the mark when they quote instances in the most endearing terms (and quite right, too) of the genuine womanly woman who is under the "cruel yoke of man-made laws," with no vote for a remedy and often "turned down" for her artificial but more good-looking sister by man in his blindness—nick-named love. To all this I say we must get the remedy as soon as possible. I am afraid the blindness is incurable, although our lady orators are determined to give us men an eye-opener, but why at the same time do they idolize the militant suffragettes who take such a delight in breaking the law instead of improving it, and I fail to see how they can accomplish anything toward the good of the "cause" by endangering life and destroying property, people's mail, works of art, etc. Surely anyone outside the bounds of a lunatic asylum would not consider this a very womanly woman's way of obtaining their wants and wishes, and they have accomplished a lot in their favor by just being natural, the work of hysterical people never amount to much anyway. One item scarcely ever discussed is, "Is there a limit to woman's sphere?" This may not be a very safe item for me to handle, but it will furnish food for the critics, so here goes. All intelligent and unselfish persons will advocate "votes for women," but while we are talking thus, do we mean just votes for women or extend them the whole of the franchise? I think it would be most cruel to extend them the whole franchise; this would enable them to sit as members of parliament and we have to admit that a certain class of women—just now known as the militant class—would be rushing after the so-called honors of the M.P.'s office which to them would be no honor at all. I say this in all sincerity and out of respect to womanhood I say there is a limit to woman's sphere, as also to man's sphere. I think the majority of sane-minded people will agree with me that it would be just as ridiculous and out of place for a man to look after the nursery and such-like home affairs as it would for a woman to be going around the country to peddle politics for her own self-interest in seeking an office at the head of affairs



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The artist is W. B. Wollen, R.I., a famous battle-painter, and this is his masterpiece. It has special interest in that Lieut. Niven, the sole surviving officer, will be easily recognised in the trenches calling to his men.

Such a soul-stirring picture brings home to all who see it the wonderful pride of race which is theirs. It is a picture which every Canadian must possess, and the owners of the original painting have had it very carefully copied by the most up-to-date process, whereby the artist's coloring is faithfully given, and every detail shown to the fullest advantage. The pictures measure 15¼ inches by 22 inches, and are splendidly mounted on a high-grade plate-sunk mount measuring 27 inches by 33¼ inches, ready for framing.

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The original of this picture is owned by the proprietors of Dr. Cassell's Tablets and Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, who have at very great expense had these beautiful colored reproductions made (entirely free from advertising matter), and are arranging for their FREE distribution to all who send 12 outer wrappers taken from 50 cents size of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief, or 60 cents Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. If the 30 cents size Cough Cure is purchased two outer wrappers will count as one.

In this way you will not only secure a free copy of this remarkable and valuable picture, but you will be bringing into your home indispensable remedies which should always be at hand.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets restore those who are run down and weary through overwork, worry, or sleeplessness, or who are troubled with dyspepsia, kidney weakness, or nerve disturbance; whilst Veno's Light-

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Write your name and address plainly—and remember these Pictures CANNOT BE BOUGHT FOR CASH, but can ONLY be obtained as stated above.

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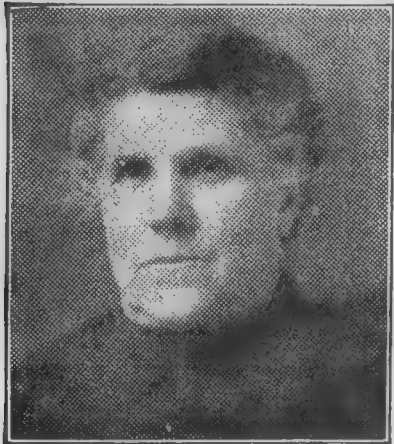
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of the nation This, I consider, is where a woman goes beyond her sphere and would certainly lose the respect of womanhood due her. This is easily seen and in evidence every day where politicians and men holding government offices are concerned, their little mole-hill failings are made mountains of, and they are condemned and criticized by Mr Wiseacre, Mrs. Grundy, Tom, Dick and Harry, and the Man on the Street. The same would be applied to women if holding these positions and it would have the effect of cheapening the respect for womanhood in general. It would be like the throwing of a stone in a pond which makes a little ripple, then gradually enlarging itself and being backed up by other ripples soon encircling the whole pond. I am sure the great majority of women, if they had the vote, would not wish to have women members. This could and should be tested by putting it to a vote, and I think the majority would be with me in saying that the guidance of the affairs of the nation is a man's job, a man in every sense of the word, and if there be none, as a few women would have us believe, and think the only salvation is women members, then I say, does this not cast some reflection on the women who have the training of their sons that they can't find "real" men to trust the affairs of the nation to their honor and discretion. I am optimist enough yet to think we have some good men, and its up to us as electors to get the "real" men who will rectify the existing evils by giving women the vote and correcting these one-sided laws, etc., so I say, 'Here's to a business government made up of "real" men, then our troubles—half of which never come—would be over.' There is an old saying: "For every evil under the sun, there is a remedy for every one; if there be one, go and find it; if there be none, ne'er mind it."

Apologizing for length of letter and wishing Mr. Editor and readers the compliments of the season.

Ivanhoe

His Choice Among Girls

Dear Editor,—Will you allow me a little space in your valuable paper? I have been a constant reader for some time, although not a subscriber. I am fond of writing letters and will deem it a great pleasure to receive them from the girls or boys, and will try to answer any I may receive.

There seems a good deal said in the correspondence columns about the Western bachelors. Some say they can't cook or keep house. Well, I don't agree with that. I have been among bachelors a good deal. In fact, I have batched myself for the past three winters, and find that the most of the young bachelors keep house better than the majority of the women. Of course there are some who have batched for a number of years are somewhat careless. But if a man has to, he can do most anything. As regards to Canadian girls, I agree with "Mere Bachelor." The majority of them are conceited, but some are nice enough for any of us. My opinion is that the Yankee girls we have in Western Canada are the most sensible and sociable that I have met. Well, I must close, as this is my first letter. My address is with the editor. Will sign myself

Lonesome Ernie.

Everyone Should Help

Dear Editor,—I have been a constant reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time and I find it a very interesting paper, but I have not had the courage to write before.

I live on a farm six miles from a small town and I think the farm life is fine.

How many of the members are fond of dancing? We have had quite a few dances here this winter. Most of them were in aid of the Red Cross Society, and I think everyone should try to help such a good cause.

What do the members think of the cold weather we are having? I hope there are some nice days coming.

I was just reading the correspondence columns and I quite agree with "A Prairie Nurse's" letter in the January issue, concerning votes for women, as I think a woman's place is in the home taking care of her family.

As it is the rule to describe oneself,

I will begin with saying I am a farmer's daughter, and as for looks, I guess I would pass in a crowd. I am very fond of outdoor amusement, especially horse-back riding. I would like a few of the members to correspond with me and I will try and answer all letters. My address is with the editor.

A Western Kid.



The American rough-legged hawk

Firm Believer in Women's Rights

Dear Editor,—Although not a subscriber, I have read your interesting paper for a considerable time and think that it is "Nulli Secundus." I am a great reader of good papers, but I think that The Western Home Monthly is a thousand in one and one in a thousand. All hail to the steadfast suffragette. I think she is fully justified in her statements and would be pleased to correspond with some young ladies of that class. I am a firm believer in woman's rights. I made a short speech on that subject at our Debating Society. By-the-by, if anyone cares to write for debating subjects or wants the names of some good anthems or glees suitable for country choirs, I will be pleased to assist them.

I certainly do not agree with "Kid" or "A Voice from the East," but I presume she meant "love of convenience." True love is only one of God's great blessings. If the people of to-day would put love before convenience, I think that life would be dearer to us.

Now all you fellow readers, please do not forget to write to me and all letters will be readily answered.

Anglo-Saxon.

Manitoba "Hard to Beat"

Chater, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for the last three years and would not miss it for anything, as I always find such useful reading in it.

Now, Mr. Editor, I hope you will excuse me if I make mistakes, as this is my first attempt at writing you, but I have been wanting to and have at last found courage. I think it would be well for some of the readers of The Western Home Monthly to know a little of what prairie life is in the winter. I think it is fine, except for the cold. We have had it very rough and cold this week, being 32 below one day.

I have 18 head of horses and 12 head of cattle to attend to daily. I am close to a city of 18,000 population, so I can often go in and stay for the picture shows at night, being only 8 miles away. I was in Saskatchewan last summer, but came to Manitoba three weeks before Christmas, as I think this province is hard to beat.

I have been very much interested in your correspondence columns, and especially in the letter by "Scotch Lassie Jean."

Wishing you all success in this year and others to come.

A Contented Canadian.

A Letter from B. C.

Dear Editor and Friends,—I get a great deal of pleasure in receiving your much appreciated Monthly and take keen interest in all articles, which I must say are decidedly superior to others of the same class. The correspondence columns I think adds greatly and has the effect of bringing the members more closely together. "Valley Flower" writes a

When the Back Becomes Lame

IT IS A SIGN OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

Doan's Kidney Pills cure the aching back by curing the aching kidneys beneath—for it is really the kidneys aching and not the back.

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Mrs. Louisa Gonshaw, 683 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in writing you, stating the benefit I have received by using Doan's Kidney Pills. About three years ago I was terribly afflicted with lame back, and was so bad I could not even sweep the floor. I was advised to try your pills, and before I had used one box there was a great improvement, and my back was much better. However, I kept on taking them until my back was completely cured. I highly recommend 'Doan's' for lame back."

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R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.



R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

very interesting letter, but you forget to say that it is a particular class of girl only that is too gushing and of the giggling kind. Remember there is this class all over the world. Yes, some Western girls are reserved at first; they have had an education this class and know better, which certainly they are to be admired for. Acting natural is one of the best things in a woman. I myself have come in contact with several things "called women," that thinks it quite a favor for her or rather from her to allow a man to be at all attentive. But happily they are in the minority and are soon put down to what they are worth, and that is nothing. Courtesy is everything in man or woman and most men look for it. A lady will never fool a man or lead him on if love is not there, but the majority of women (of a class) do just for the sake of having a good time as they call it.

I think we have our full quota of bachelors out in this part, Kootenay and Yale-Cariboo districts, and while some are very dirty, shall I say, in their household management, others are just the reverse, taking a pride in having everything clean and methodically done. The former kind deserve not an atom of pity, being entirely their own faults, and will never be any other way unless they do manage to have the good fortune to get a wife, and then it is all left for the poor wife to do. I think this is an excellent way of telling the character of a man, so girls be wise. Some put forward the plea that they haven't the time. This is a poor excuse and counts for nil. I think these sentiments are voiced by every sane thinking man.

"Valley Flower," you are certainly right, the majority of girls nowadays do marry much too young and in most cases repent bitterly afterwards. But this is much too serious a matter for me to discuss. I may put my foot in it.

"Field Flower," B.C.

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

Another Red Cross Worker

Dear Editor,—Although I am not a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, am a regular reader and look forward to the many interesting articles that appear in each month's issue, especially the topics discussed in the correspondence columns. "A Western Sport" is certainly an energetic worker for the Red Cross, and may say that our city is doing its share



Nest and eggs of the rough-legged hawk

for the same cause, also for the Patriotic Fund. I am a member of a club that make bandages, surgical dressings and pillows, etc., for the Red Cross, and it is very instructive. At present there is a big recruiting campaign on and meeting with good success.

I am not a Western girl, but one of the many employed in offices in an Eastern city. Should anyone care to write me, my address is with the editor, and will try and answer all letters.

An Eastern Girl.

Their First Appearance

Dear Editor,—Just a few lines to let your readers know that there are two more merry maidens whom they have not heard from yet, but who are and always will be interested readers of your correspondence page.

We live on the farm and—like "it." It is such a jolly, carefree place to live, that is when things go smoothly, but then, who expects fine weather or good times always? We are not going to tell you what we look like, for we think a pen picture of anyone (without going into detail) is no guide whatever to one's character. Besides, if you like a person, what does it matter if they are dark or fair, or if their hair is curly or not? Oh, of course curly hair is the cutest, we know. Now don't think we envy it, because one of us has curly hair and the other hasn't. And does not Robert Burns say: "Oh, wa'd some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us." So maybe our opinions would exaggerate or belittle us. It is enough to say that we are sisters and the best of chums.

Now "Western Sport," surely you do not mean that the boys and girls should not talk about themselves, but about the country, etc. Why, we think that would turn our lovely social corner into a geography lesson or an information bureau, and we are sure anyone wishing for information can easily obtain it for the asking. Or, if not one of these, then a conversation on the telephone with an absolute stranger. We always like to know something about the writer, for we think it reveals more of the true self than pages and pages on any other subject. We are very glad you did not carry out your suggestion, for if you had we would have had only a hazy idea of what you are like. But there—we are sure you have only an idea of what we are trying to say.

Now "Bill and Jake" seem to have a very clear idea of what "Farmer's Daughter" is like. Needless to say, we cannot picture anyone so clearly, not even our most intimate friends. We could not give you a pen photo of anyone, but we could tell you why we liked them and we think that is quite enough.

Lively Lasses.

A COLD Settled On Her Lungs Causing Great Pain THE CURE WAS DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup

Miss D. M. Pickering, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "Having derived great benefit from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I thought I would write and tell you of my experience. When I first came out from England I contracted a severe cold, owing to the change of climate. It settled on my lungs, and caused me a great deal of pain. I tried every remedy I could think of, but got no relief. My father, who had heard a great deal about the good qualities of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, advised me to try it. I did so, and I am pleased to say, found immediate relief. I only took one bottle and it cured me completely. My mother had a severe cold also, and Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cured her, so we never fail to keep a bottle of it in the house."

See that none of those so-called "pine syrups" are handed out to you when you go to your druggist or dealer and ask for "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25c. and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Nerve-Worn and Sleepless

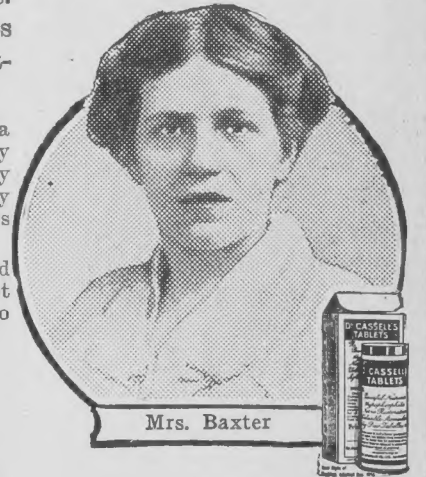
Weak with Long Suffering but soon Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Few women could have suffered more from shattered nerves and digestive troubles than did Mrs. Baxter, of 14 Avenue Road, Abbey Dale, Sheffield, England, and her splendid cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets supplies still further proof of the unexampled value of this great medicine. Seen recently by a representative, Mrs. Baxter said:—

"I cannot tell you how much I owe to Dr. Cassell's Tablets. When I first commenced taking them I was simply in a dreadful condition with nerves and dyspepsia. I hardly ate anything; the mere smell of cooking was enough to take away all my appetite. If I did try to eat a little I was sure to suffer afterwards with awful pains in my chest and round my back; and sometimes wind formed in such quantities that really I thought I should suffocate. Often these windy attacks came on in the night, spoiling my rest. Indeed, at all times I got little sleep; I used to lie tossing for hours and hours.

"Another terrible affliction was headaches. Oh, they were violent. I used to think sometimes my head would burst; and they hardly ever ceased. I suffered so much that I became quite run-down and nervous, so much so that I dared not go upstairs at night without a light; I was afraid to open my door after dark when alone. Then to crown my suffering I caught influenza, and that simply prostrated me altogether.

"I was feeling terribly weak and depressed one day when I chanced to read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and made up my mind to try them. They did me so much good in the first day or two that I went on taking them, and it was just wonderful how I gained new health and strength. I had hardly been able to drag about before, and here I was getting better and brighter every day. Now I am as well as ever in my life, thanks to Dr. Cassell's Tablets."



Mrs. Baxter



DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative and Anti-Spasmotic, and of Great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognized modern home remedy for:

Nervous Breakdown	St. Vitus' Dance	Dyspepsia	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Anaemia	Stomach Catarrh	Vital Exhaustion
Spinal Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Brain Fag	General Debility
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Headache	Loss of Flesh
Rickets	Back Pains	Palpitation	Premature Decay

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of life.

Druggists and Dealers throughout Canada sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets. If not procurable in your city send to the sole agents, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 16 McCaul St., Toronto, who will see you are supplied. One tube 50 cents, 6 tubes for the price of five. War tax 2 cents per tube.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 16 McCaul street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Woman and the Home

A Soldier's Letter to the Woman at Home

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil

Never a moan or a murmur!
Never a tear to fall!
Never a woman stood firmer
At the sound of the battle-call!
Though I knew that your heart was
breaking.
It was not for the world to see;
Though I knew that your soul was
aching
For Canada and me.

For you heard the jackals snarling,
And you heard them wailing, "War!"
But you whimpered not, my darling!
You were Briton to the core!
When the conflict's roar and rattle
Echoed across the sea,
You bade me, "Bravely battle
For Canada and me!"

I can hear the jackals chanting
Their hateful "Hymn of Hate."
In the trenches they are ranting
Of power and high estate;
And of "Deutschland uber alles,"
And my rifle speaks for me,
As it answers them with volleys
For Canada and thee!

Though starred with daisies the mead-
ows,
Or white with the winter snow;
Though long on the grass the shadow;
Or short, as the seasons go;
Know that my thoughts are straying
Constantly o'er the sea,
To thee, where thou kneelest praying
For Canada and me.

Know that I fight unyielding,
Knowing the cause is just;
Rifle and bayonet wielding,
Strong in my faith and trust;
That, when there's an end to the hating,
Whatever the end may be,
I shall haste to my darling, waiting
In Canada for me!

Ironing Day

By Grace A. Dean

To my mind, the one good argument for setting down ironing among the "disagreeables" of housework, is a poor equipment for doing it. It is certainly not hard work for one who is well, when the irons, the table, the holders and the fire are all in good condition. It is a mistake to have too few irons. Five or six irons may be kept heating so that there will be no difficulty in obtaining one of the desired temperature. Some large, heavy irons should be included in the outfit, and do not omit one or two small pointed irons for gathers. Many prefer the flatirons with the removable handle, though I am prejudiced in favor of the solid, old-fashioned one-piece iron, together with an asbestos holder.

For satisfactory ironing the irons must be kept in good condition. Rust and dirt spots, if recently acquired, are removed by rubbing the heated iron over fine salt. If the iron is badly rusted, it needs to be rubbed with scouring soap, then cleaned with salt, then rubbed with wax; rub this off on newspapers (which, by the way, are indispensable in the laundry). This process may be repeated until a badly rusted iron becomes as smooth and clean as new. To prevent rusting, after the irons have cooled off, wrap them in newspaper and put them away in a perfectly dry place.

The ironing board comes next in importance. First of all, it must be at the correct height for the person who is to use it. Nothing is more foolish or more unnecessary than a tired, lame back caused by an ironing board over which one has to stoop in order to put the weight on the iron. There are inexpensive ironing boards which can be adjusted to suit the height of the laundress. If these are not available, an ordinary ironing board may be laid between a flat-topped chair and a table raised to the correct height by means of blocks of wood. Next to the wood

on the ironing board is needed a soft, tight covering of woolen or cotton flannel, anything soft, but not too heavy; this is stretched and pinned or sewed over the board, and covered with an old, clean sheet or piece of white cotton cloth, which can be changed frequently. If allowed to remain on the board after it has become soiled and spotted it will be impossible to have the clothes present a creditable appearance.

An iron stand, a bit of cloth and a tiny basin of cold water, a newspaper and a holder or two should be near the elbow of the laundry worker when she starts her ironing. A stick of wax and a supply of salt spread out on a newspaper are also of value. The little cloth is to be used to dampen dried portions of clothing, and to remove traces of starch.

The clothes may have been sprinkled and rolled up tightly several hours before ironing, but in warm weather beware of mildew, which will reach the clothes if they are kept damp for a length of time. Sprinkling would not be necessary if we could take the clothes from the line and iron them at just the right degree of dampness. The dampening can easily be done with a small whisk brush dipped in water, then shaken over the dried garments. Then they are rolled up, the smaller ones within the larger to preserve the dampness, and laid in a clothes basket until ready to iron.

I do not know any exact order about ironing. It depends largely upon the amount of time one can give to it. When one has only a half-hour or so, one naturally does not undertake many large pieces, and, too, where a whole afternoon is spent in ironing it is well to sandwich in the small, easy pieces between the larger and the more difficult ones.

When the irons are hot and the coolest place and clothing achieved, one is ready to begin work. Every housekeeper has her own method of treating the heat of the iron, perhaps; almost the universal one, though, is by moistening the finger and touching the iron, causing a hiss if the iron is hot enough. Another way is to hold the iron close to the cheek so that the heat can be felt, and still others tell by the odor of the iron whether it is hot enough. It is always wisest in addition to test the temperature of the iron on a newspaper so that if too hot, it will be indicated by the scorching of the newspaper, and should then be turned on the back or side to cool. If one is so unfortunate as to scorch a garment, it may sometimes be remedied by placing the scorched portion in the sunshine; if the scorch is a slight one, it will disappear. Before using the iron a rubbing with wax will make it smooth, but do not fail to rub off all excess wax on a paper, otherwise you will find grease spots on the clothes. For thin materials, an iron which is not very hot is best. For very damp things a very hot one can be used.

Pull all articles straight before ironing and always iron along the warp threads, keeping the woof threads straight. When a garment is much beruffled it is well to iron the ruffles last to avoid mussing them while doing other parts of the garment. A little sleeve board is almost indispensable, and when men's shirts are done up, a bosom board to slip inside is necessary.

Table linen is not starched but is ironed while quite damp with hot irons until dry. If not ironed until quite dry, it will be limp and muss easily and not show its pattern satisfactorily. Fringe should be shaken out and brushed with a small soft brush. Particular care should be given to the hems of napkins and handkerchiefs, as the appearance of these is often spoiled when the hems of such pieces are allowed to become crooked or wavy.

After each piece is finished it should be hung on a line or clotheshorse until quite dry before putting it away, the irons rubbed with newspaper to free them from wax and lint, and all the utensils put away until next week's ironing day.

Saving Labor

Alice M. Ashton

"I think most women feel like the one who said, 'I like housekeeping, but I can not truthfully say that I like housework,'" said my neighbor one day as we sat on her comfortable porch. "We all enjoy seeing the work well done, but as to the actual doing—well, I do not believe many women find much real enjoyment in that."

"But there is such a difference," I answered, "in the 'doing.' Now everything seems easy for you to do; I often notice the contrast."

"Yes," she admitted, "I plan to do things easily. Mother helped me about that at the very beginning. You see, we began with just the necessities for our housekeeping, and I firmly resolved to do my own work."

"When mother and I began planning for my housekeeping she said, 'There are a lot of beautiful things in the shops that are a temptation to any housewife, particularly to one lacking most of the nice furnishings she longs to possess. But let me tell you, dear, just shut your eyes when you come to chairs and pictures and such things, and look for something that will lighten your work. It is better for you to have plenty of time to sit in an unadorned parlor with all your work well done, than to have an ill-equipped kitchen that holds you within its four walls all day!'"

"Well, it was hard when I wanted a rocker for the library so much, but I resolutely purchased a kitchen cabinet with my first gift money, and the steps it has saved me no woman can realize who has never used one."

"Just as the warm weather came on I chose an oil stove on which I can do all my cooking, and which keeps my tiny kitchen comfortable through the summer months."

"As I have to use my dining room for sewing-room as well, I next obtained a sewing desk. In this I keep materials, patterns and unfinished work; it occupies but little space when not in use and is of the greatest assistance both in doing the sewing and in keeping the room neat with but little trouble. By this time I began to fully appreciate the value of my mother's advice, and added a washer to my kitchen conveniences."

"I have always found sweeping and dusting very wearying, so purchased a carpet-sweeper, and one of the substantial burlap covered screens. The sweeper saved both sweeping and dusting and keeps my rooms neat for days with but little effort on my part. The screen was designed for my room, and when it arrived my husband placed a two-inch cleat across the back of both outside panels about four feet from the bottom; in each cleat we put a row of clothes hooks. On the center panel we securely fastened a stout thick ticking bag the width of the panel and about thirty inches deep. I placed a small table in one corner of my room, and set the screen so as to conceal it. When straightening my room in the morning, I never liked to take time to give garments the brushing and repairing they might need; if hung in the closet the attention they required was usually forgotten until they were again needed for use; and my order-loving soul dreaded seeing them lie about the room until the repairs were done. This is where my screen is useful. All such garments are hung upon the hooks and are out of sight but not out of mind. Shoes are placed under the table, while hats occupy its top in company with a large work basket of mending and cleaning materials. Small articles such as gloves, handkerchiefs and veils, are placed in the bag. At odd moments when the necessary work is done I attack the accumulation behind the screen. My room is always neat, and we have the satisfaction of being sure that all garments in closets and drawers are ready for use. During spring and fall sewing I use the screen round my sewing table to hold unfinished work, without wrinkling and to conceal the general confusion."

"Later I obtained a number of little labor-savers, one of the handy family

scales, a mop wringer that I could not do without, a bread mixer, a food chopper, and other handy things."

"Now that I am so well supplied with necessary things I allow myself the luxury of choosing a great many lovely things for the house. But I still watch out for the necessities, because I feel the wisdom of being really economical of time and strength as well as money."

Manners in Audiences

By Bruce Moffat

There is quite a little need that mothers in general should keep in mind the matter of the good manners of children and young people in church and other public places. It is natural that they should often drift into careless habits of inattention, but the tendency should be corrected by rebuke and drill in better things. It is not unusual to see children or young people reading during an address or sermon, or fingering a book or a paper. The child should be trained, for its own sake, to sit up, to look at the singer or speaker, to lay down all books and papers, and to assume at least the appearance of attention. Such as do not observe this outward manner of politeness are apt to be criticised by others as being ill-trained.

It is not fair to the child to permit the cultivation of the habit of inattention. It creates mind-wandering. It causes it to grow up missing much that would be of benefit. It subjects it to criticism from others who reasonably expect that home influences should correct such errors of thoughtlessness. The want of training in this direction commonly shows in later life, and the not unusual questionable manners of many in public audiences are the result. Surely it is worth while to enjoin upon the children the appearance of attention in public audiences.

Children and Music

Calvin Dill Wilson

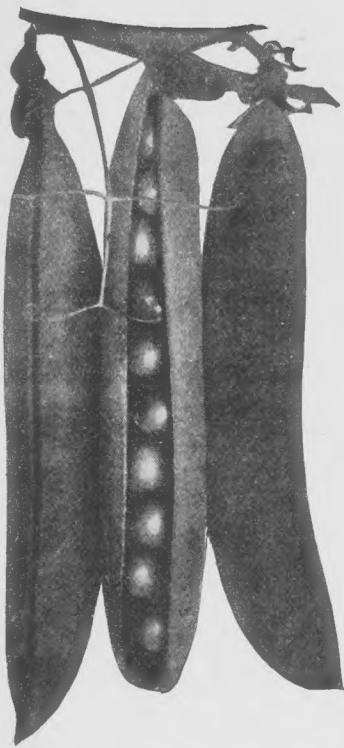
The children should be encouraged not only to learn to play on musical instruments and to sing within the home circle, but to form bands or orchestras that include their friends from other households. A juvenile band is an unfailing source of pleasure to the group of children forming it, to other groups of children who may make the audience, and it diverts all of them from questionable interests. The Greeks made far more of music, as well as play in the education of their children, and in their best days they were a wise people. Their music also was not confined to the home or to a small circle but was a large part of the social life of the young people. The educative power of music is to-day not made as much of as it deserves. The mere taking of lessons on an instrument by an individual child at home is by no means enough to get the best results all round, though this may make a good musician. The larger aspect has its social side, as in a juvenile orchestra. Such, when formed and under way, may be made a source of pleasure to older people and a means of development to the young by having the juveniles take part in local entertainments. Few factors add more to an entertainment than the participation of a band of juveniles, especially in their own community. People generally like to watch the small boy in knickerbockers tune his instrument, count his "one, two, three" and lead off his orchestra. Such organizations sometimes find place at graduating exercises and similar entertainments, and they accustom the young to self-possession and are educative and worth while from many points of view.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

Patmore's

Reliable Northern-Grown

Seeds, Trees and Shrubs



HOME-MAKING is a characteristic of the British people, and here on the prairies of the West are being created homes which for beauty and comfort will compare with those of any other country.

PATMORE'S Hardy Northern Grown Trees, Shrubs and Plants are helping to make real HOMES in all parts of the West.

We also grow and sell **Reliable Flowers and Vegetable Seeds, Grasses, Fodders, Farm Seeds and Seed Potatoes**, of all the best hardy varieties.



In our catalogue we offer 60 of the choicest varieties of Spencer's sweet peas.

Messrs. Patmore Nursery Co., Ltd.,
Brandon, Man.

January 27th, 1916

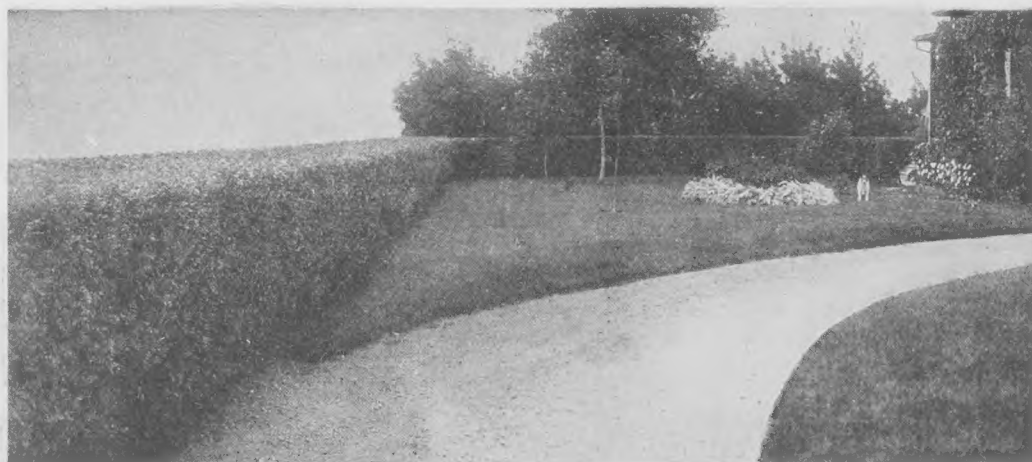
Dear Sir: I received lately your beautiful catalogue, of garden and field seeds, and nursery plants. I should like to let you know that all the seeds purchased from you last year gave entire satisfaction. The alfalfa was a good stand by fall, the Red Clover did well and grew three feet the first season. Swede turnips were a large crop and very even in size. Cabbage, sown June 3rd, and singled out from good solid heads, weighing five to eight pounds each. The onions went about 250 bushels to the acre, and all were of uniform size, speaking highly of the strong and even germination of your seeds. Of the two potatoes, one pound of each, I had 48 pounds from each variety, all very even in size and absolutely free any disease. The ordinary varieties planted alongside were not nearly half so good a crop. I consider it will be a good plan to purchase at least some each year of reliable seed. All the tree seed I purchased from you did well.

Yours faithfully,

T. G. James,
Blue Sky, Via Peace River, Alta.

We grow and offer for sale 15 of the moost productive of garden peas.

Our 1916 catalogue will interest you. It is illustrated with actual photos of western growth, and compiled with the experience of 30 years in this Western country.



A Western Home, Where Our Trees and Seeds Have Been Used
Our Reliable Lawn grass seed on the lawn, Virginia creeper on the veranda, Russians Willows in the background, and a well trimmed Caragana hedge on the side.

We grow and offer all of the **Hardiest of Hardy Fruits, Apples, Crab-Apples, Plums, Cherries, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, Strawberries, Rhubarb, etc.**, the very fruits that are needed for the comfort and health of the Western prairie home.

The Patmore Nursery Company

Brandon, Man. Saskatoon, Sask.

PATMORE NURSERY CO., LTD., BRANDON, MAN.
Send me, at once, postage prepaid, your 1916 illustrated catalogue, and your collection of garden seeds, 2 1/4 lbs. for \$1.25. Collection of 15 packets flower seeds for 25c.
I will need some
Name
Address
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FULL MEASURE

MADAME:—If you went to the store and bought a 36-inch tape measure, and after spoiling many yards of good material you found that the tape actually measured 32 instead of 36 inches, would you not feel that you had been imposed upon?

Well—that's just what would happen to you if you asked your dealer for **PURITY FLOUR** and he succeeded in selling you the "just as good" kind under another trademark or under his own private brand.

THE DEALER WHO SUBSTITUTES HAS A SELFISH REASON

He makes a greater immediate profit on the "just as good" flour than on **PURITY FLOUR**.

So, it's up to YOU to suit yourself and get what you want, or to take what the substitutor gives you and assist him to build up his business at YOUR EXPENSE. **PURITY FLOUR** means full measure.

Don't let the substitutor persuade you there is a "just as good" kind.

The dealer who gives you **PURITY FLOUR** when you ask for it is playing square with you and with us—he is giving you FULL MEASURE. He is selling you service in return for YOUR good will.

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More Bread and Better Bread

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED

Millers to the People

PURITY FLOUR



Western Canada Flour

Millers to the People

More Bread and Better Bread